THE CANADIAN

METHODIST MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1886.

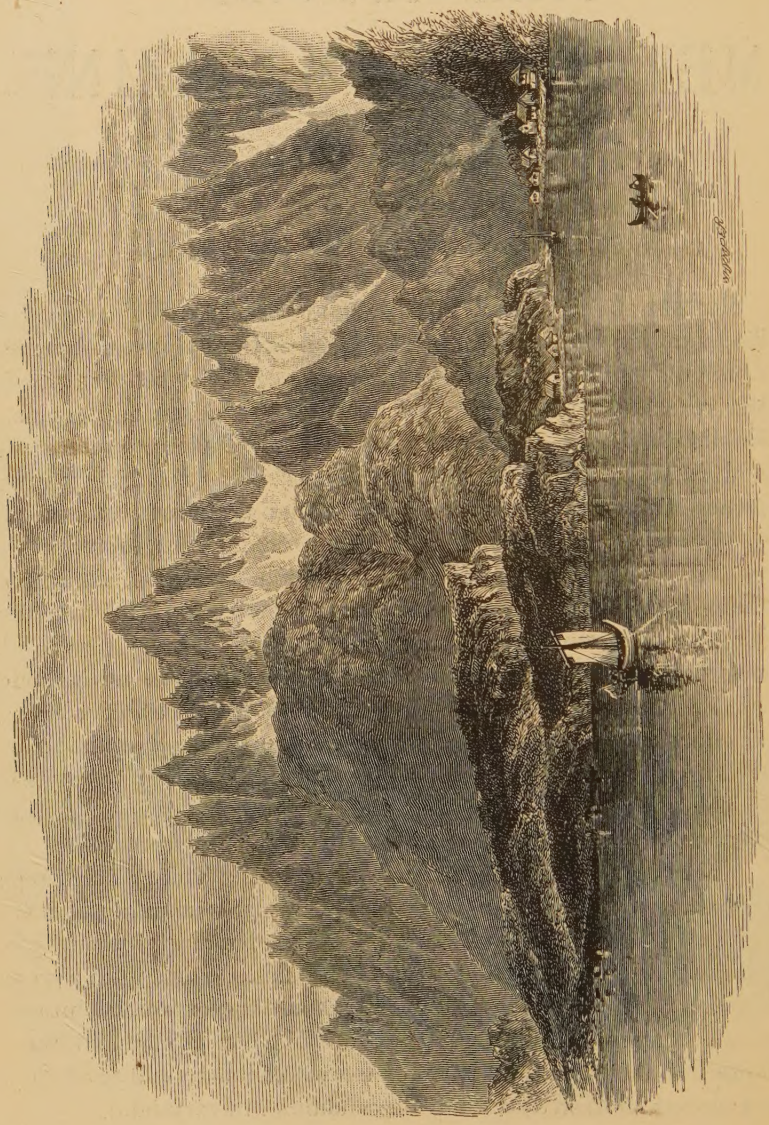
NORWAY AND ITS PEOPLE.

LOVERS of the beautiful in art and literature have come to look for the holiday volume of travel, annually issued by the London Religious Tract Society, as one of the most elegant of the year. We have thus had Swiss, French, Italian, Spanish, English, Scottish, Canadian and other "Pictures with Pen and Pencil." But in its last issue the Society has fairly surpassed itself. The volume of Norwegian Pictures * is one of exceeding interest and beauty. It contains a hundred and twenty-seven engravings, by Whymper and others, many of them full page, and the mountain views especially are of superior artistic merit. The very texture of the ice seracs in the glaciers, the gleam of the snowy waterfall, the wonderful atmospheric effects of the mountain-shadowed fjords are marvellously rendered. A large folding map accompanies the volume. Through the courtesy of the publishers we are permitted to use a number of the fine engravings of this book and to give a brief outline of its varied and valuable contents.

Norway is one of the most picturesque countries in Europe, probably surpassing in this respect even Switzerland. It is a land of mountains and fjords, of cascades and waterfalls, of lakes and rivers, of glaciers and snow-fields. Our author gives first a historical retrospect, which should be of special interest to all Anglo-Norman people; for the blood of the Vikings flows in our veins, and the Norse love of liberty and love of the sea are manifested by their descendants in every land.

* *Norwegian Pictures, Drawn by Pen and Pencil, Containing also a Glance at Sweden and the Gotha Canal.* By RICHARD LOVETT, M.A. 4to., pp. 224. London: Religious Tract Society. Methodist Book-Rooms: Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Full gilt, illuminated cover. Price $2.75.

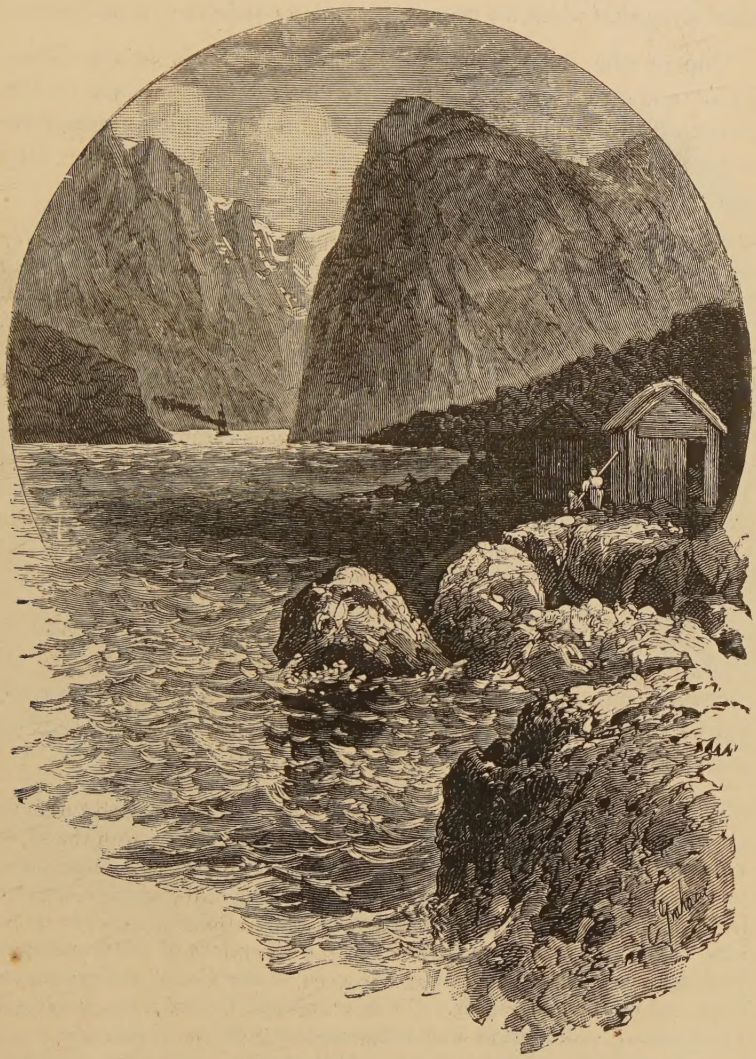
One of the grandest excursions one can make in Norway is that to Trondhjem, the ancient capital, with its noble cathedral,



THE RAFT SUND.

and thence to the North Cape. The whole of the rugged western coast is deeply notched with wonderful fjords, or glacier-scooped channels, running far inland among the rocky

hills. Then their deep water-passages between the mainland and the rugged outlying islands. One of these, Raft Sund, is shown on page 194.



NORWEGIAN FJORD.
(Harper Brothers, Copyright.)

"For nearly two hours," says our author, "we sailed through this winding passage. The water-way is very narrow, and the mountains on either side rise abruptly from the sea. In whatever direction the eye turns it rests

upon wonderful masses of mountain-peaks, of all conceivable shapes, barren and bleak, with large patches of snow wherever crevices or sufficiently level spaces allow it to lodge. Nestling along the shore, wherever a level space can be found, are the huts of the fishermen, and over all is the clear sky against which the fantastic pinnacles stand out in boldest relief."

One of the most magnificent of these fjords is the Næro Fjord, shown in one of our engravings. It forms part of the Sorgne Fjord which runs inland 106 miles, and averages four miles in width. It is in many places 4,000 feet deep. Our author thus describes the trip through the Næro Fjord:

"The little steamer ploughs her way through the still deep waters, only a few hundred yards wide, and lofty mountains rise up on either hand for thousands of feet, sometimes almost sheer precipices from base to summit. The Backe Fall, 3,000 feet high, is seen coming down the face of the cliff. The little hamlets seem to cling precariously to the face of the rock. At one time the view is limited to a few hundred yards of water bounded on every side by stupendous precipices. At another the eye ranges up a beautiful valley, or catches in the distant sunlight glorious gleams of the glaciers or most lovely mountain outlines, sharply defined against the clear blue sky. The colours are also most exquisite—the wonderful greens of the water, the black, purple and brown of the rocks, cliffs and mountains, the greenish-blue of the remote glacier, and the serene blue of the cloudless sky—these with their infinite blendings and combinations of tone defy description."

The North Cape is on an island a little off the mainland. It is a bleak, barren crag, a thousand feet high, worn by the storms of unnumbered ages. An accomplished Canadian writer, Prof. Coleman, Ph.D., of Victoria University, thus describes his visit to the "land of the midnight sun:"

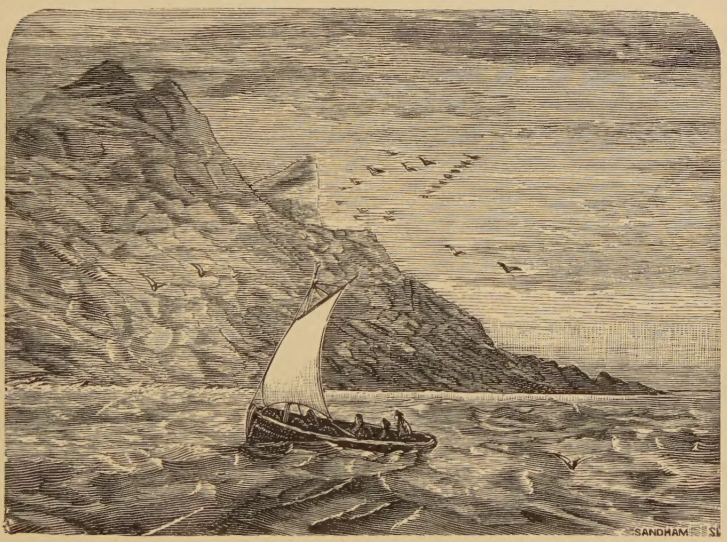
"There was a glorious soft afternoon light as we steamed through the grim rock portals of the harbour and turned north-east, with the swelling waves of the Arctic on our left, and a range of iron mountains and islands on the other side. We were opposite the North Cape as the sun swept to its lowest point. A fine evening yellow suffused the sky and glinted on the long rolling waves, and warmed up the gloomy face of the promontory. Pushing round the Cape we came to anchor at the foot of a deep, gloomy fjord, and were rowed ashore. I was astonished to find a rich vegetation in the narrow valley, ferns and buttercups and yellow violets and forget-me-nots, all fresh and wide awake as if it were not midnight. But there was a thousand feet of climbing to do, so there was only time to put a forget-me-not in my notebook and begin the ascent. Once the steep wall is scaled one finds himself on the usual undulating floor of the Norwegian fjelds, covered with loose stones between which a few mosses and flowers made a hard struggle for life. Blocks of white quartz gave a ghastly touch here and there amid the sombre greys.

GUDVANGEN AND THE NÆRO FJORD.

(From a Photograph by Mr. G. H. Hodges.)

"The rising ground behind shut the others out of view, and the sunlit billows sweeping in till lost to sight before breaking at the foot of the cliff far below, were simply glorious. There was a strange sense of vastness and solitude about the scene. It was the spot and time for dream and sentiment. Would the icy and unconquerable polar sea soften in the gentle sunshine, and in the muffled roar of her waves disclose to the awe-struck listener some of her long-kept secrets?

"But meantime a dark line of fog crept up from the north and sprang suddenly upon us, whirling in vapour wreaths up the gorges, hiding the sun with its dun clouds and turning hues of gold to brass. The sailors hurried us back to ship, for losing oneself in a fog on these dreary fjelds has its unpleasant features.



North Cape.

"When we reached the edge of the steep descent to the fjord the ship seemed close beneath us, and was still bathed in warm light; but the fog closed in when we got on board, and in a few minutes the gloomy North Cape and the rosy mountain across the fjord faded from view."

Mountaineering in Norway must be an exciting experience. Even the post-roads to the highlands wind like a corkscrew to climb the heights, and the glacier and ice-field work is fatiguing beyond description. But the magnificent scenery, the snowy waterfalls leaping from crag to crag, the trickling rills, streaming "like tears of gladness down a giant's face," the deep cloven valley, the lovely mountain lakes like gems of turquoise in a setting of emerald, compensate for the toil.

Our author made several journeys among the Lapps and Finns, and describes the religious work among them. Some of them live in log, and some in stone and sod-houses. Even the Lapps are religiously instructed, and have in their sub-arctic solitudes their Bible and hymn-books, and can often speak Lapp, Finnish, Swedish, and Norwegian. Several portraits of these interesting people—more picturesque than beautiful—are given.

The chief difficulty in driving the reindeer is to keep the sleigh—which is more like a boat with a keel three inches wide, like the runner of a skate—erect. "You must make up your mind to be upset a great many times," says Du Chaillu, "before you learn to drive reindeer." We have heard him describe, with much vivacity, his first experience in reindeer driving. He was thrown out of his sleigh four times in ten minutes. Yet he became very expert in the difficult art. The reindeer are not housed like horses, but live in the woods at 30° below zero, finding their food by digging in the snow for moss and lichen. A swift reindeer can travel from twelve to fifteen miles an hour, or a hundred and fifty miles a day—but half that distance is nearer the average.

The national costume of the Norwegian peasants is remarkably picturesque. The women dress in dark petticoats, bright red bodice, quaintly embroidered, with white handkerchiefs over their bosoms and snowy-embroidered aprons. The married women wear white caps of conspicuous size on their heads. See engraving on page 199.

On the west coast are numerous fishing villages. Sometimes the catch of cod by a single fleet is half a million in a day. The fishermen are singularly moral. "I never," says one who knew them intimately, "heard one of them, under any provocation, swear." Their honesty and piety he highly commends. At Henningsvær he found the church crowded with 3,000 fishermen, each one with his church-service book. "I doubt," he says, "if such a scene could be witnessed in any other Christian country."

The peculiar features of farm-life are the summers at the sæters, or mountain pastures, on highlands so bleak that they can be inhabited only from June to September. Young maidens will remain in these solitudes without fear and without danger.

If the farm is small all the family go to the sæter, with cows, sheep, goats, and with much trumpeting and blowing of horns.

HARDANGER PEASANTS, NORWAY.

The mountain life is hardy and healthy, herding and milking the kine, and making butter and cheese. Sometimes the cattle belong to two or three farmers. The houses are small log or stone buildings like Swiss châlets. See cut on page 202.

The winter, and especially the Christmastide, is the great season for merry-making in Norway. The farmers rest from their labours, the dairy work is light. The ample leisure is turned into a high festival. Every hamlet and farm is busy in preparing for Christmas; baking, brewing, buying or making Christmas presents, or putting up the Christmas sheaves for the birds, as shown in our frontispiece. Great cart-loads of grain are brought to the towns for this purpose, and every one, even the poorest, buys a sheaf. Even the horses, cattle, sheep, and goats get a double supply of food on this Christmas festival. The day before Christmas, everything is ready, the house thoroughly cleaned, and leaves of juniper or fir strewn on the floor. Then the whole family take a hot bath in the bake-house, and put on clean linen and new clothes. In the evening the house-father reads from the Liturgy, or the Bible. Often the houses are illuminated and vigil is kept all night, and the people flock to the churches by torch-light.

Early on Christmas morning the voices of children are heard singing—

"A child is born in Bethlehm,
That is the joy of Jerusalem,
Halle, Hallelujah!"

The boys and girls have a jolly time in out-of-door sports, especially snow-shoeing. The snow-shoes are very unlike ours in Canada, being from six, or seven, to ten or twelve, or even fourteen or sixteen feet long, and pointed at the ends. They are made of thin fir wood, four or five inches wide. They are fastened by a loop over the foot and are not raised from the snow, but slid along the surface. The difficulty is to keep them parallel. Often on Christmas Eve, a Christmas tree, and song, and love-gifts, and mirth, celebrate the happy day. The houses are very comfortable, great porcelain stoves making them quite warm.

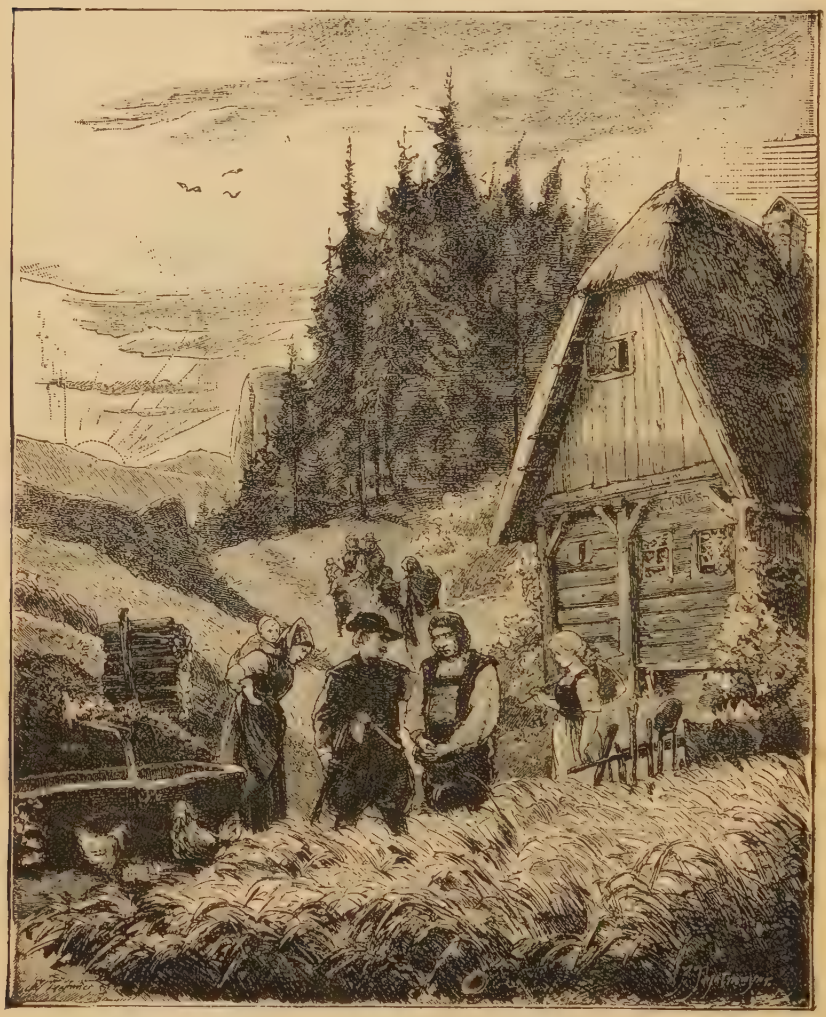
The architecture of Norway has a picturesqueness of its own. One of the most curious examples is the old church at Borgund, dating, probably, from the time of St. Olaf, or of his son, Magnus. Its dark colour and peculiar shape, its successive shingle roofs, ornamented with dragons and crosses, at once arrest the attention. The interior with its curious carvings and

arrangements is almost as odd as the exterior. A space 24 feet square is surrounded by ten pillars, beyond which are the benches for the congregation. The only stone object is the very ancient font. The carved fonts, tombs, altars, reliquaries, and the like, are shown by numerous engravings, and exhibit much artistic feeling.

OLD CHURCH AT BORGUND, NORWAY.
(Harper Brothers, Copyright)

The domestic architecture, too, is very picturesque. The houses have often broad Swiss-like galleries and balconies, overhanging eaves, carved doorways and porches, as shown in the frontispiece to this article. The stabbur, or isolated building, shown in the cut, is very odd-looking, with overhanging stories, and sometimes outside stairs. It is employed for keeping wearing apparel, or stores, probably to ensure protection in case of fire. It is often richly carved. Within the

dwelling-house one sees quaint rooms, where are found great bedsteads, reached by a high step, and dressers built into a recess into the wall, carved shelves, on which is kept the Bible



Rustic Scene in Norway.

and a few sacred books, cupboards with old china, and often on the walls or mantels, or over the beds, a pious inscription, or verse of Scripture. No houses in mediæval Europe can rival in antiquity the farm buildings of Norway. Some date from the eighth century. The exemption of the country from war

has permitted them to remain. The same reason has allowed the accumulation of art treasures and paintings.

Probably no country in Europe has better educational provision than Norway and Sweden. Every village has its school, and every school its library. There are two universities, with 173 professors, and over 2,000 students, and this in a poor country, with a population only as great as that of Canada. The university of Upsala is over 400 years old. It has a library of 200,000 volumes, and 8,000 MSS., many of them very valuable. English, French, and German literature is well represented in the school libraries,—Dickens and Thackeray being favourites. The art and technological schools are far ahead of anything we can show. We may learn a good deal from our Norse friends. Even in remote farms, the house-mother will teach the younger children, and the father will often train the boys for the high school. In small towns, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, German, and English are taught, and the three last are frequently spoken by young ladies of the better class.

In the free public and in the private schools 97 per cent. of the children of school-age were in attendance. Half-an-hour every day is spent in Bible-reading, hymn-singing, and prayer; and religion is taught by precept and example. With this popular diffusion of education may be contrasted the ignorance of some southern countries of Europe, where the Governments subsidize the theatres and neglect the schools. And the country is not a rich one; but, on the contrary, very poor. In some of the remote parishes, for instance, a farm serving-man will labour a whole year for a wage of ten dollars and a suit of clothes. The aged poor are not herded in great poor-houses, but are boarded round in farm-houses, and treated with much kindness and consideration. To the popular education he attributes the fact that very few strikes or labour troubles occur in Norway, or Sweden, and Communism and Nihilism are unknown.

We have given only a very partial outline of this admirable book, one of the best that has ever appeared in English on the Scandinavian Peninsula. The prominent feature of the book is its great wealth of illustration, which adds vastly to its interest and makes its descriptions at once more vivid and more clear.

THE GREAT NORTH-WEST.

II.

WINTER TRAVEL AND MISSION WORK.

INDIAN HALF-BREED AND DOG.

AUTUMN in the Fur Land merges by almost imperceptible degrees into winter. Nature yields reluctantly to the cold embraces of the Frost King. Early in November a thin covering of fleecy flakes veils the landscape; but the Southern sun is yet warm, and restores the autumnal tints to the face of Nature. A few days later on, the contest begins anew: winter triumphs for a day, only to be again vanquished by autumn. At length the Frost King conquers and winter reigns. The snow falls deep and is packed hard by the wind. To walk well on snow, to follow the dogs or to run down the moose, there is nothing like snowshoes. These are composed of a light wooden frame, about four feet in length, tapering from a width of about fifteen inches at the centre to points at either end, the toes being turned up so as to prevent tripping. Over this frame a netting of deer-skin sinews or threads is stretched for the foot of the runner to rest upon. The object of this appliance is by a thin network to distribute the weight of the wearer over so large a surface of snow as will prevent him from sinking. The credit of the invention is due to the Indians, and, like that of the canoe and other Indian instruments, it is so perfectly suited

to the object in view as not to be susceptible of improvement by the whites. On snowshoes an Indian or half-breed will travel thirty, forty, and sometimes even fifty miles in twenty-four hours. It is the common, and indeed the only available mode of foot-travel away from the public highways in winter.

Travelling otherwise than on foot is accomplished almost entirely by means of dogs. The vehicles to which dogs are harnessed are of three kinds—the passenger-sledge, or dog-cariole, the freight-sledge, and the travaille. A cariole consists of a very

A Dog Team and Indian Runner.

thin board, usually not over half an inch thick, fifteen to twenty inches wide, and about ten feet long, turned up at one end in the form of a half circle, like a toboggan. To this board a light frame-work box is attached, about eighteen inches from the rear end. When travelling, it is lined with buffalo-robes and blankets, in the midst of which the passenger sits, or rather reclines; the vehicle being prevented from capsizing by the driver, who runs behind on snowshoes, holding on to a line attached to the back part of the cariole. The projecting end or floor behind the passenger's seat is utilized as a sort of boot upon which to tie baggage, or as a platform upon which the driver my stand to gain a temporary respite when tired of

running. Four dogs to each sledge form a complete train. They are harnessed to the cariole by means of two long traces.

The rate of speed usually attained in sledge-travel is about forty miles per day of ten hours, although this rate is often nearly doubled. Four miles an hour is a common dog-trot when the animals are well loaded; but this can be greatly exceeded when hauling a cariole containing a single passenger upon smooth snow-crust or a beaten track. Very frequently extraordinary distances are compassed by a well-broken train of dogs. Sixty to eighty miles per day is not infrequently made in the way of passenger travel. An average train of four dogs will trot briskly along with three hundred pounds' weight without difficulty.

Our engraving on page 207 shows our friend, the Rev. Egerton Ryerson Young, for nine years a missionary in the North-West. Mr. Young comes of true missionary stock, for his father before him—the Rev. William Young, who is still living—was for many years a devoted labourer on the missions and circuits of our Church. When the call was made for volunteers to go out to the far North-West, Mr. E. R. Young offered himself, and set out with his young wife to his remote mission field. They had to go a long way on the stormy Lake Winnipeg in an open boat, exposed to sun and wind and rain, and were once nearly wrecked upon the wild and rocky shore.

Writing about his picture, Mr. Young says:

"My own appearance will seem rather peculiar and unministerial. However, it is just about as I generally looked when working or travelling in the winter in that cold land, where the spirit thermometer—for the mercury would often be frozen—used to get down to from forty to fifty degrees below zero.

"The suit is of leather—dressed moose skin, or reindeer skin—trimmed with fur. The Indian women, who make these leather suits, trim them also with a great deal of deer-skin fringe. In their wild state, on the plains, the warlike Indians used to have these fringes made of the scalps of their enemies."

In the foreground is the famous dog "Jack," a huge St. Bernard given Mr. Young by W. E. Sanford, Esq., Hamilton. He more than once by his sagacity and strength saved the missionary's life.

Mr. Young thus describes a winter journey in the North Land:

The Rev. E. R. Young, in Winter Costume.

"Ere we start let us examine our outfit—our dogs, our Indians, our sleds and their loads. The dogs are called the Esquimo or 'Huskie' dog. I used them altogether on my

long winter journeys until I imported my St. Bernards and Newfoundlands. These Esquimo dogs are queer fellows. Their endurance is wonderful, their tricks innumerable, their appetites insatiable, their thievish propensities unconquerable. It seems to be their nature to steal, and they never get the mastery of it.

"Off we go. How the dogs seem to enjoy the sport. With heads and tails up they bark and bound along as though it were the greatest fun. The Indians too are full of life, and are putting in their best paces. The bracing air and vigorous exercise makes us very hungry, and about noon we still stop and dine. A few small dry trees are cut down and a fire is quickly built. Snow is soon melted, tea is made, and this, with some boiled meat and biscuits, will do very well. Our axes and kettles are again fastened on our sleds, and we are off again. We journey on until the sun is sinking in the west, and the experienced Indian guide says we will need all the daylight that is left in which to prepare our camp for the night.

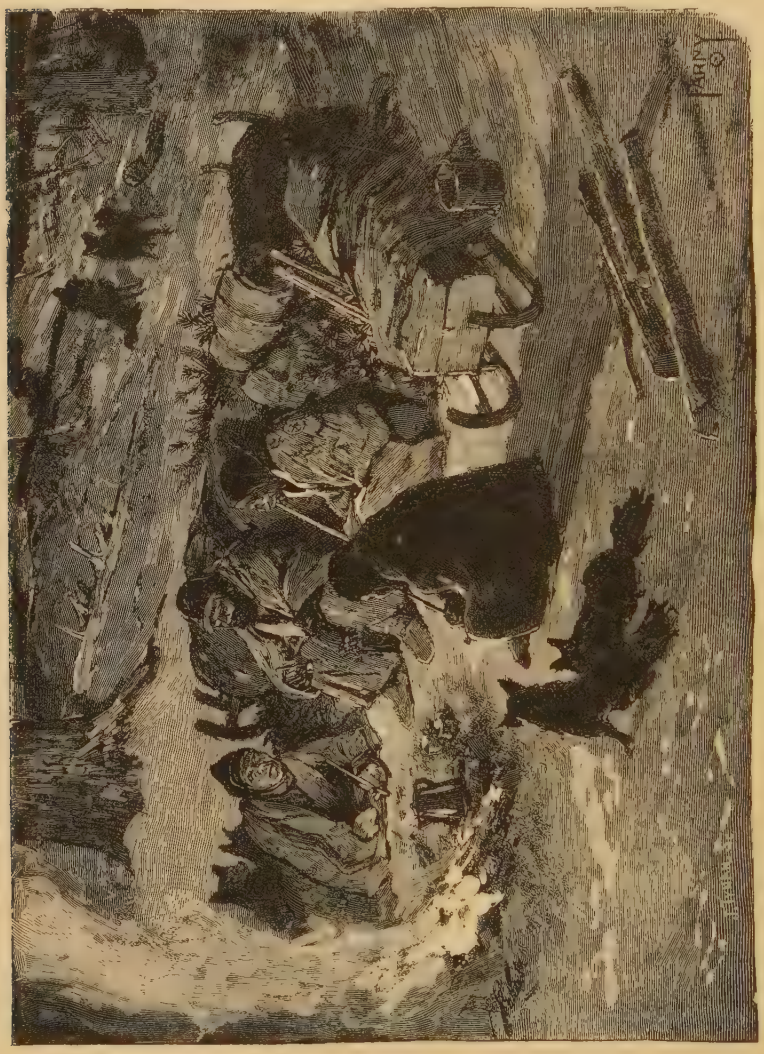
"Of our Indian runners it is a great pleasure to speak. Faithfully indeed were their services rendered, and bright are the memories of their untiring devotion and constancy. When their feet and ours were bleeding, and nearly every footprint of our trail was marked with blood, their cheerfulness never failed them, and their heart quailed not. When supplies ran short, and home and plenty were many days distant, can we ever forget how, ere the missionary was made aware of the emptiness of his provision bags, they so quietly put themselves on quarter rations that there might yet be sufficient full meals for him? And then when the long day's journey of perhaps sixty or eighty miles was ended, and we gathered at our camp-fire, with no roof above us but the stars, no friendly shelter within scores of miles of us, how kindly, and with what reverence and respect, did they enter into the worship of the great God who had shielded us from so many dangers, and brought us to that hour. Sometimes they tried our patience, for they were human, and so were we; but much more frequently they won our admiration by their marvellous endurance, and unerring skill, and wisdom, in trying hours, when blizzards raged, and blinding snow-storms obliterated all traces of the trail, and the white man became so confused and affected by the cold that he hardly was able to distinguish his right hand from his left.

"Picturesque was their costume, as in new leather suits, gaily adorned with bead or porcupine quill work, by the skilful hand of bright-eyed wife or mother, they were on hand to commence the long journey. And when the 'Farewells,' to loved ones were said, and the word 'Marche!' was given, how rapid was their pace, and how marvellous was their ability to keep it up for many a long, long day. To the missionary they were ever loyal and true. Looking over nine years of faithful service to him, as he went up and down through the dreary wastes preaching Jesus, often where His name had never been heard before, he cannot recall a single instance of treachery or ingratitude, but many of devoted attachment and unselfish love. Some of them have since finished the long journey, and have entered in through the gate into the celestial city about which they loved to hear us talk as we clustered around the camp fire May we all get there by-and-bye.

"Our picture on page 210 gives a fair idea of what a winter camp in those northern regions is, under the most favourable circumstances. To get away from the fierce breezes that so frequently blow on the lake, we turn into the forest perhaps a quarter of a mile. The first thing done after finding a suitable place for the camp is to unharness the faithful dogs. Then, using our big snowshoes as shovels, we clear away the snow from a level spot where we build up our camp fire, and around which we spend the night. Our camp kettles are got out and supper is being prepared. Then balsam boughs are out, and are spread on the ground under our robes and blankets, adding much to our comfort. Our dogs must not be forgotten, and so frozen fish in sufficient numbers are taken from our sleds to give a couple to each dog. As these are frozen as hard almost as stones we thaw them out at the fire. What a pleasure it used to be to feed the dogs! How they did enjoy their only meal of the whole day. What appetites they had! The way those dogs could eat twelve or fourteen pounds of white fish, and then come and ask for more, was amazing.

"There were some dogs that seemed always hungry, and never would be quiet. All night long they kept prowling round in the camp among the kettles, or over us while we tried to sleep. They were very jealous of each other when in the camp, and as they passed and repassed each other it was ever with a

snarl. Sometimes it would result in open war, and we have more than once been rudely aroused from our slumbers by find-



CAMPING OUT IN THE NORTH-WEST.

ing eight or ten dogs fighting for what seemed to be the honour of sleeping on our head.

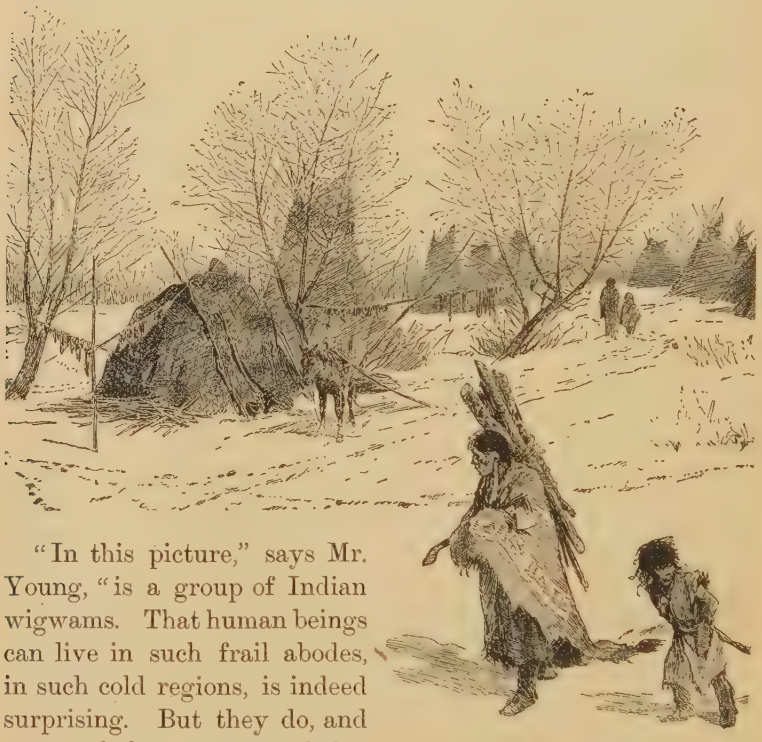
"We used to enjoy the wintry camp after a fatiguing day's journey, when both missionary and Indians had tramped all day on their snowshoes. It was a real luxury to find a place

where we could sit down and rest our aching bones and wearied and often bleeding feet. With plenty of dry wood and good food we forgot our sorrows and our isolation, and our morning and evening devotions were filled with gratitude and thankfulness to the great Giver of all good for His many mercies.

"How gloriously the stars shone out in those northern skies, and how brilliant were the meteors that flashed athwart the heavens! But the glory of that land, surpassing any and every other sight that this world affords, is the wondrous Aurora. Never alike, and yet always beautiful, it breaks the monotonous gloom of those long, dreary wintry nights, with its ever-changing splendour. Sometimes the arc of light would be visible in the northern sky as we see it here. Then it would become strangely agitated, and would deluge us in floods of light. Sometimes at the zenith a glorious corona would be formed that flashed and scintillated with such brilliancy that the eye was almost pained with its brightness. Then suddenly from it bars of coloured light would shoot out, reaching down apparently to the far-off shore. The pagan Indians, as with awe-struck countenances they gazed upon some of these wonderful sights, said they were spirits of their warlike ancestors going out to battle. Many of them are no longer pagans. Through many difficulties and hardships, the missionaries have gone to them with the story of the cross, and hundreds of these once savage men are devout followers of the Lord Jesus. Their conversion to Christianity has amply repaid the missionaries for all they have suffered in the bitter cold winters, when they, with dog trains, were obliged to journey to carry to them the news of salvation. But there are many yet unconverted, and, thank God, there are devoted missionaries still willing to suffer and endure the bitter cold, if by so doing they can bring them into the fold of the Good Shepherd."

Norway House, says Mr. Young, is a large establishment of the Hon. Hudson Bay Company, twenty miles north of the northern extremity of Lake Winnipeg. It was for many years one of the most important of all the Company's posts. Gentlemen of the Company, and large numbers of Indians, used to gather here every summer, some of them coming from vast distances. The furs of half a continent almost were here collected and then sent down to York Factory on the Hudson's Bay, and from that place shipped to England.

Rossville Mission is two miles from Norway House. This mission is one of the most flourishing in the wild North Land. Here it was that the Rev. James Evans invented the wonderful syllabic characters for the Cree Indians. In these characters the whole Bible is now printed, as well as a large number of our hymns and catechisms. The church is large and is often filled with hundreds of Indians who love to hear the Word of God.



An Indian Village.

"In this picture," says Mr. Young, "is a group of Indian wigwams. That human beings can live in such frail abodes, in such cold regions, is indeed surprising. But they do, and many of them seem to thrive amazingly. Many a stormy day and night I have spent in those queer dwelling-places. Sometimes the winds whistled, and the fine snow drifted in through the many openings between the layers of the birch bark, of which they were generally made, and we shivered until our teeth rattled again. Often the smoke from the little fire built on the ground in the centre of the tent refused to ascend and go out through the top; then our eyes suffered, and tears would unbidden start. What a mixed-up crowd we often were. Men, women,

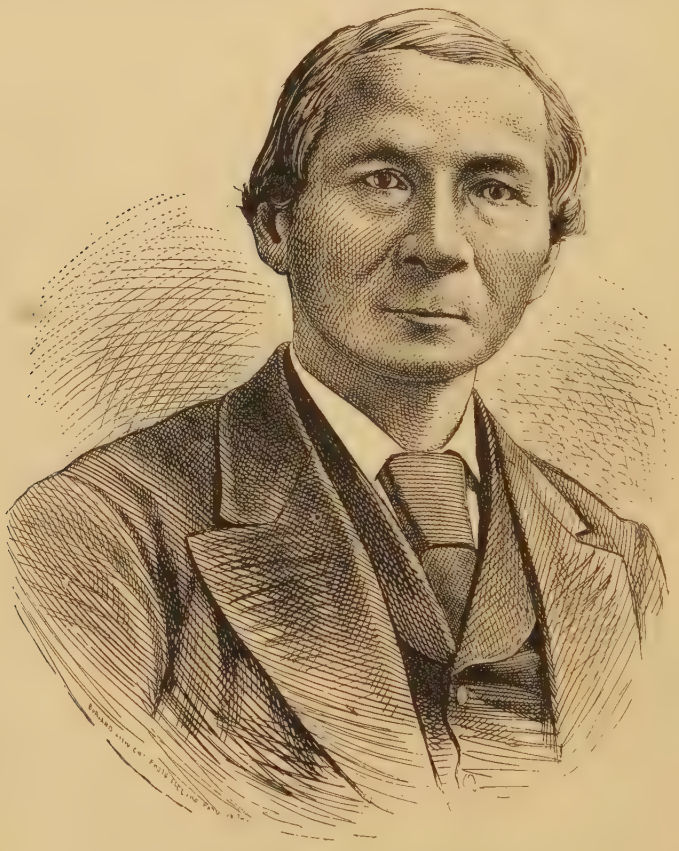
children, and dogs,—and all smoking except the missionary and the dogs. During the day we huddled around the fire in a circle with our feet tucked in under us. After supper and prayers, we each wrapped our blanket around us and stretched ourselves out with our feet to the fire, like the spokes of a wheel, the fire in the centre being as the hub. Frequently the wigwam was so small that we dare not stretch out our feet for fear of putting them in the fire, and so had to sleep in a position very much like a half-opened jack-knife."

One of the most remarkable fruits of missionary labour among the aborigines was the native missionary, Henry B. Steinhauer, whose portrait we give on page 214. He was an Ojibway Indian, born on the Rama reserve, in 1820, and trained in the Indian School at Grape Island. He afterwards received a liberal education at Victoria College. In 1840 he went as a missionary to his red brethren in the far North-West, paddling his own canoe for hundreds of miles to reach his future field of labour. He translated large portions of the Scriptures and hymn-book into the native dialect. In 1854 he accompanied the Rev. John Ryerson to Great Britain, and pleaded eloquently the cause of his red brethren before the British Churches. He again devoted himself to missionary toil in the North-West, travelling with the native tribes on their hunts and planting among them the germs of Christian civilization. After a life of earnest toil for their evangelization, he passed from labour to reward on the last Sunday of 1884, leaving two sons to walk in their father's footsteps as missionaries to the aboriginal races of the North-West.

The following description applies to travelling in the far northern wastes, as in the vicinity of Norway House, where those heroic missionaries, E. R. Young, Orrin German, John MacDougall, and others, have often braved the peril of an almost Arctic winter to give the Gospel to the red man of the distant North:—

When light showers of snow fall in minute particles, as if it were frozen dew, from a sky without a cloud, and the sun shining brightly, the winter traveller in the Fur Land knows just what degree of cold he may expect. He knows that masses of ice, the size of a man's fist, will form on his beard and mustache, from the moisture of his breath freezing as it

passes through the hair; that his eye-lashes will have to be kept in rapid motion to prevent them from becoming permanently closed; that his hands can scarcely be exposed for a moment; that his bare fingers laid upon a gun-barrel will stick to it as if glued, from the instantaneous freezing of their moisture; that the snow will melt only close to the fire, which forms



The Rev. Henry B. Steinhauer.

a trench for itself, in which it sinks slowly to the level of the ground; that the snow, light and powdery, will not melt beneath the warmth of his foot, and his moccasins will be as dry on the journey as if he had walked through sawdust; that a crust of ice will form over the tea in his tin cup, as he sits within a yard of the roaring fire; that he will have a ravenous

appetite for fat, and can swallow great lumps of hard grease without bread or anything to modify it. So he dresses accordingly—that is, the white traveller.

With his Indian or half-breed companion it is different. Inured to the climate and accustomed to winter travel, he is comfortable under a meagre weight of clothing. Lightly clad, he is in excellent trim for running, and seems warm and comfortable while his more heavily apparelled companion shakes and shivers on the slightest halt. Upon the dog-sledge is placed the blankets and pemmican, together with the paraphernalia of the camp. Tents are not used for winter travel, as the huge fires necessary for comfort and even safety could not be made available. In fact, unless it is desirable to make a long halt in any one locality, tents are only an incumbrance to the traveller, without adding proportionately to his comfort. Well sheltered by timber, and with an enormous fire blazing at his feet, sleeping in the open air is generally feasible enough.

Just when a steady pace is attained, and peace seems to have returned to the train, the foregoer suddenly countermarches in the harness and causes fearful confusion in the train; they jump on one another; they tangle their traces, and back-bands, and collar-straps, into inextricable knots and interlacings, which baffle the stiffened fingers of the angry traveller to unravel. Frequently they roll themselves into one huge ball, presenting the appearance of a hydra-headed dog, with multitudinous legs and innumerable tails. At length the tangle is rectified, however, and the dogs are tugging at their moose-skin collars in peaceful equanimity.

Travelling day after day through the intense stillness and solitude of the snow-clad plain, without meeting a sign of man, and rarely seeing a living creature, strikes strangely upon the mind at first. The half-breed or Indian delights in wandering alone; but the traveller who first tries the experiment, finds the silence and loneliness so oppressive as to be unbearable. He often journeys over a space where no tree or shrub breaks the monotony of the sky-line; only the unending vision of snow and sky, the vague, distant, and ever-shifting horizon; the long snow-ridges that seem to be rolled one upon another like the long swells of the ocean; the weird effect of sunrise and sunset, of night limiting the vision to almost nothing, and

clothing even that in a spectral, opaque grey; of morning slowly expanding it to a hopeless, shapeless blank; the sigh and sough of the ceaseless wind, that seems an echo in unison with the immeasurable solitude of which it is the sole voice; and, over all, the constantly growing sense of lonely, never-ending distance, which deepens upon the traveller as morning after morning dawns upon his onward progress under the same fantastic, ever-shifting horizon of snow and sky. To see night approaching, and not a thing of life or shape of shelter within the scope of vision; to urge the tired dogs with whip and voice to fresh exertions, to greater effort in gaining some far-off aspen bluff, or willow copse, ere night shall wrap the dreary scene in darkness; all this is but the reiterated recital of the traveller's daily misery.

A Fight in Harness.

In the face of a cold, the intensity of which it is difficult to imagine, he must keep on. Right in his teeth blows the bitter blast; the dogs, with low-bent heads, often face about in the traces, and can hardly be induced to proceed by repeated thrashings; the half-breeds, with blankets wrapped tightly over their heads, bend forward as they walk against the wind. To run is instantly to freeze; to lie upon the sledge, even for a moment, is to chill the body through to the very marrow. Under these circumstances, the traveller is apt to say, "when I was at home, I was in a better place."

The missionary, with his Indians, sing a hymn and have

prayers, then the blankets and robes are spread out for the bed. The operation of undressing is reversed, and the traveller literally dresses for the night; covering head and all, and placing his feet as near the fire as he dares. All huddle together as closely as possible, and when silence reigns, the dogs creep softly in toward the fire and lie at the sleepers' feet. Then begins the cold. The mercury in the thermometer placed at the bedside sinks down—down, till it disappears in the bulb, and may be used as a bullet. The traveller is tired with his forty-mile march on snowshoes. Lying down with blistered feet and stiffened limbs, sleep comes to him by the sheer force of fatigue; but the dim consciousness of that frightful cold never for an instant leaves his waking brain; and as he lies like a huddled heap beneath his robes, he welcomes the short-haired, shivering dog, who, forced from his cold lair in the snow, seeks warmth on the outside of his master's blankets.

Strange as it may appear to those who, living in warm houses and sleeping in cosy rooms from which all draughts are zealously excluded, deem taking one's rest in a poplar thicket, at such a temperature, next to an impossibility, it is quite the reverse. The men who brave such dangers are made of sterner stuff, and do not perish so easily. On the other hand, it frequently occurs that when, before dawn, the fire again glows ruddily, and the cup of tea is drank hot and strong, the whole discomfort of the night is forgotten—forgotten, perhaps, in the anticipation of a cold still more trying in the day's journey to come.

Day after day the same routine of travel is pursued. To rise at three o'clock of the bitterly cold mornings, to start at four, and plod on till dark, halting twice for an hour during the day, is the dull history of each day's toil. No literary skill is able to enliven the dreary monotony of the journey. In front goes a train of dogs, floundering along in the deep snow; then the other trains wind along upon a firmer footing. As the day wanes, the dogs begin to tire, but still go on as gamely as ever. At sundown the trains have straggled widely apart, the weaker ones dropping far to the rear. Dogs and men seem to go forward from the mere impulse of progression. All have been tired long since; not partially so, but regularly weary; ye somehow, the sense of weariness seems to have passed

away; the step forward upon the snowshoe is taken by a mere mechanical effort, destitute alike of sense or feeling.

Yet this low temperature is vastly preferable to, and more enjoyable than the shifting climate of the lake regions. One always knows just what to expect, and prepares accordingly; and we doubt whether the feeling of being cold all through is not experienced on the levee at New Orleans as intensely as in the North. The air is crisp and entirely free from moisture, and there is an utter absence of that penetrating, marrow-chilling quality which makes winter life further south a burden. No sudden changes pile cold upon cold, and keep one's lungs in a continual congestion. The climate, while cold, is equable; and except during the "blizzards" and lowest dips of the temperature is thoroughly enjoyable.

Fishing Through the Ice, Lake Winnipeg.

I SAT in the evening twilight,
My heart was sad and lone,
When from the misty darkness
A single star there shone.

And like a tear it glittered,
That in the eye will start,
And like a ray of comfort
Out of the faithful heart.

Pale star of peace and gladness,
Well do I know thy light—
Heart's-love from the far distance,
Send'st thou this message bright?

G. C. R.

A HOLIDAY EXCURSION TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

BY HENRY E. CLARKE, M.P.P.

II.

Canadians who have not visited the North-West can form but little idea of the joyousness of a prairie life. There is something in the boundlessness of the plains that tempts one to give "a wild shriek of liberty," as he bursts, for the first time, into the freedom of primitive nature. An unwonted exemption from the conventionalities of civilized life may produce such a state of exaltation elsewhere, but the joyous, clear and sparkling atmosphere, that quickens the circulation and gives such tone to the system that it must break out or burst, can only be realized by those who have breathed the pure ether of the plains.

The journey over the prairie, like a voyage at sea, is not only health-giving, but it enlarges the thought and gives expansion to the mind by the boundlessness of the scene it presents. To travel by rail for hundreds of miles and see nothing but the heavens above and the earth beneath—not a living thing on the surface of the earth or in the air, not a tree, nor a shrub, nor a stone: nothing but an ocean of land, stretching from the eastern to the western horizon—is to have a new experience, to get a new sensation and be filled with an idea of immensity that lifts the mind into a new realm of thought and gives it a freedom never felt before. Then the prairies have a character of their own and reveal new beauties at every turn that make the journey anything but monotonous to the lover of nature. For hundreds of miles together the train rolls over a vast expanse that has never been troubled by man; the eternal plains are under him, stained by the breath of ages until they bring forth a grass that is no longer green but russet-hued, while over the ground thus prepared the winds of centuries have been planting flower-seeds that spring up in tints of marvellous colour and variety to give to the prairies a glory which is all their own.

To drive over such prairies in the month of August is the perfection of bliss. Talk of wooden block pavements, asphalt, or gravel!—they are as corduroy roads to the prairie trail. The smoothness and the elasticity of the ground, the buoyancy of the air, the sense of freedom, the vastness of the prospect, the stillness, like a silence that can be heard, the easy and graceful action of the horse, the noiseless and easy glide of the vehicle, —all these make up a very paradise of drives that cannot be described; they must be seen and felt to be appreciated. It is only fair to add that a summer shower will turn the paradise into a purgatory of mud: mud from the horse's heels, mud from the tires, mud from the spokes, a whirling shower of mud everywhere, rolling with the roll of the wheels, until horse, buggy and occupant look like a storm-cloud driving over the plains. Half-an-hour's sunshine will restore the trail to its velvety condition, and the mud that has been scattered about in all directions returns by some process of assimilation to its original condition, for it leaves no dust. There is no dust in the North-West—no dust on the trails, no dust on the railway-track, no dust anywhere. A man may travel on the C. P. R. for a thousand miles over these plains and be less annoyed or inconvenienced by dust or smoke than he will be in a journey of forty miles in Ontario. Cleanliness is one of the luxuries, and not the least one, on this line of railway.

Canadians have a right to be proud of the C. P. R.—solidly built and smooth in its running—proud of the courage and enterprise of her people when they undertook to belt a whole continent with a girdle of steel that will at once bind the provinces together and at the same time supply the strongest link in binding together the colonies and the Mother Country. No man can at present foresee the extent and influence of this railway on the world's traffic, and its commercial value must for a while remain an unknown quantity. But a line of communication that places the supplies of a continent at the command of a nation that distributes the world's wealth—a line of communication that holds these supplies at the command of the Mother Country, and within ten or fifteen days of her operations in any part of the world where she is likely to be engaged—must of necessity be of incalculable value, both as a military and as a commercial enterprise, not only to the

Dominion, but to the empire at large. Never before in the history of the world did any nation, with the limited population and resources of Canada, attempt a work so gigantic: and no nation, no matter what its resources, has ever completed a work of such magnitude in such a short space of time. The energy and tenacity of purpose that accomplished this, in spite of difficulties, physical and financial, that might well have appalled the boldest, will give Canada a foremost place in the history of this progressive age. Meanwhile the line is answering its original purpose—faith has been kept with British Columbia, the great prairies of the North-West have been thrown open for settlement, and if the stream of immigration has not been as rapid as was expected, it has not been from any fault of the country, either in soil or climate, but rather owing to the slowness of the people in giving up the rooted prejudices of an earlier training.

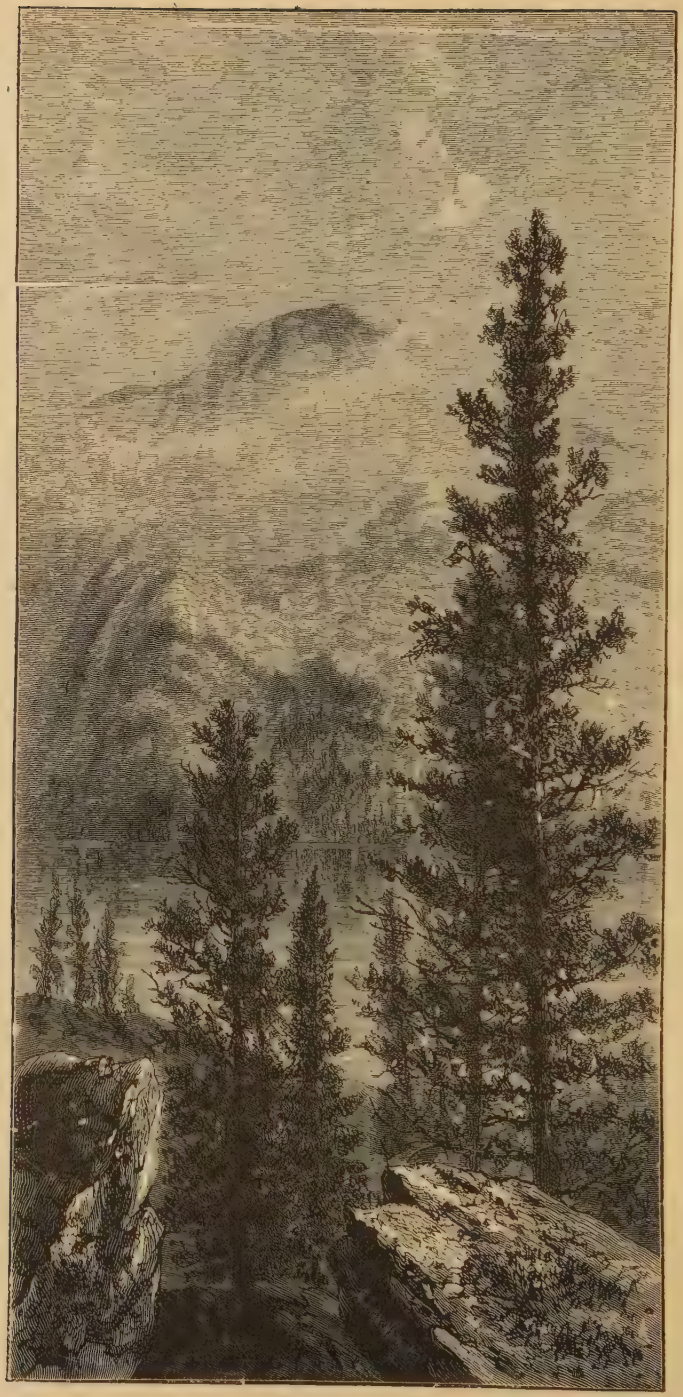
For fifty years the settled policy of the Hudson's Bay Company was to represent the whole of the North-West Territories as uninhabitable, only fit to be the home of fur-bearing animals, and to be visited by hardy trappers who risked their lives in securing what furs were needed for the European market. For fifty years the French half-breeds—either to help this huge monopoly or to carry out a policy of exclusion for purposes of their own—lent themselves to the work of the Hudson's Bay Company by circulating stories of such incredible hardships, endured in what they were accustomed to call the frozen regions of the north, that in the course of time it became the settled conviction of the world that all the territory north and west of Lake Superior was a region of perpetual snow, where the battle of life was fought against tremendous odds. Popular beliefs die slowly, and to this day, men, even in Canada, are unconsciously influenced by these earlier teachings, and are slow to believe that these great outlying territories could easily support a population of fifty millions, that we have wheat-growing lands capable of supplying the world with all the breadstuffs it requires, and that the cattle of a thousand hills will yet go forth from them to feed the hungry in every part of the earth. And yet these are but the minor possibilities of our great North-West—a land that is destined to become a home for the surplus populations of Europe, and a market

Bell Farm—Indian Head.

where the Old World will yet look for her future food supply. This is no fancy picture. Already all along the route of the C. P. R. the wilderness of prairie is giving place to fruitful fields, and Indian Head is not the only place that can show farms like that which is presented in the accompanying plate. When it is known that there are millions of acres waiting to offer up such fruits as are here presented, only in still richer abundance, some idea may be formed of the capability of the North-West to furnish a food supply for the more populous regions of the earth.

Many towns of considerable importance are springing up under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains; but Calgary, as the gateway to the Pacific, is destined to become the great distributing point for the whole of that region. Beautiful for situation, it sits in the centre of a natural basin, the foot hills rising sharply around it and stretching away higher and higher like grassy billows, until they strike against the solid mountain of rock in the distance. The Bow River, like a green sash ribbon, is gracefully festooned about the town and adds greatly to the charm of its first appearance. There is a tremendous "go" in the place, a rushing about of citizens and cowboys and a reckless scattering of money that gives one the impression that it is always fair-time in Calgary, and that money is held in little esteem. For the size of the place the amount of business done is quite astonishing. Stock-raising is the great business of the surrounding country, and it is estimated that there are three million dollars' worth of stock in the cattle ranches of the immediate neighbourhood. As this stock is supposed to double itself every three years, one can imagine what the wealth of the place will be in a few years; as it is, Calgary is about the liveliest town in the North-West and one of the most picturesque.

In all the North-West territories lying outside the Province of Manitoba the sale of spirituous liquors is strictly prohibited, and it is amusing to watch the conduct of those who are fond of this kind of creature-comfort as they near the lines of Assiniboia, between Elkhorn and Fleming. What strange hiding-places are found for bottles and flasks, and more innocent-looking vessels, that are cared for with a carelessness that is the very perfection of art! Smuggling is very strongly winked at, and there is no lack of liquor with those who choose



Distant View of the Rockies.

to practise a little ingenuity. But the very fact that it is under the ban of the law, and that ingenuity is required in procuring it, must save a great many who would otherwise become the slaves of a habit that too frequently brings ruin and desolation in its train. The strength of the habit will be but too evident to any one who watches the wild scurry across the plains to any log cabin that hoists a tavern sign, when the train has returned again to a province where the sale of liquor is permitted.

The first glimpses of the Rockies are had immediately after leaving Calgary. At that distance they are shadowy and indistinct, a mixture of misty forms disporting themselves in cloudland, with a darker shadow appearing now and then like a denser cloud breaking through the mist, and fading away before the traveller has had time to realize that he has caught a glimpse of these famous mountains of the West. The accompanying cut gives a distant view of the Rockies as they lift themselves through the mist.

Forty miles west of Calgary the traveller sights Morleyville, the home of the heroic missionary, McDougall, who lost his life a few years ago in a blizzard on the prairies. The village lies back about three miles from the station, and is better known as the McDougall Settlement. Perhaps the first thought of a Methodist, on sighting the spot, is that a good deal of sympathy was wasted in years gone by when the missionary from the Rockies came from his far home in the North-West to address missionary meetings in Ontario. At that time it was thought that he came from a place of banishment, and it was terrible to think that he had to return again. Little did his hearers imagine that the missionary's "Isle of Patmos" was a place of idyllic beauty, and that but for the serious drawbacks of having no communication with men of his own race and colour he had everything in his surroundings that mortal man could desire. Living under the shadow of the mountains, in a first-rate ranching country, with the Bow River at his front door, and loving his work amongst the Indian tribes, who almost idolized him, the hardy missionary could well afford to say, as he was wont to say, "that he would not care to live in Ontario, he much preferred his home in the far North-West." It must not be forgotten, however, that this description applies to Morley-

ville as it now appears, after years of earnest labour that has brought forth a thousand-fold—a beautiful place, that must always stand as a monument of McDougall's foresight, courage, energy, and missionary zeal.

As one proceeds westward the scenery grows in grandeur, the snowy peaks rise higher and higher and present an ever-changing aspect as the train winds in and out seeking for an easy grade to climb the mountain barrier that no longer separates us from our brethren on the Pacific slope of the continent. The ascent of the mountain really begins at Winnipeg, and is so gradual that, although the train rises to a height of over three thousand feet, the traveller never notices any difference of grade until he begins to descend on the other side. It is scarcely possible to conceive the immense changes which have taken place since the idea of building the Canada Pacific Railway first took possession of the Canadian mind. Only a few years ago, and the only route to the North-West was by way of the northern shore of Lake Superior, the traveller taking the Ottawa River, Lake Nipissing, French River, Georgian Bay, and on through a chain of small lakes and rivers to Lake Winnipeg and the Saskatchewan Valley. The modes of locomotion were by canoes in summer and dog-train in winter. The towns and villages on his way were then represented by a few scattered log huts clustered round the forts, and few travellers ever thought of braving the hardships and dangers of such a journey, if duty did not imperatively call for the sacrifice. Now there is a daily train service between Toronto and Winnipeg; the journey to the Rockies, or beyond, is undertaken as a pleasurable relaxation; cities and towns are springing up as if by magic, and the silent prairies are ringing with the sound of human voices. What has brought about this wonderful change? The building of the Canadian Pacific Railway!

Canadians have a right to be proud of the work they have accomplished. Our American cousins were forty millions strong when they undertook to build the Northern Pacific, and they found it harder to raise the means, and took longer to build the road, and have not as good a road, now that it is built, as we possess in our C. P. R. The future of the road offers possibilities to the people of this Dominion that can scarcely be exaggerated. Already its commercial importance is every-

ROCKIES, NEAR VIEW.

where acknowledged, and it requires no great stretch of imagination to see the stream of commerce between Europe, China, Japan and Australia flowing through this new channel and enriching the Dominion by a very largely increased trade. Preparation is even now being made to establish a line of steamers connecting the Pacific terminus with the lands of the East, and a new highway to India and China is as good as made. As a route for summer tourists it offers attractions not surpassed by any route on this continent, combining as it does the grandest scenery, the finest sport, the smoothest drives, and the healthiest atmosphere to be found on the face of the earth. Travellers from the East or the West, who can sit in a palace car and enjoy such scenery as is here depicted, will come in increasing numbers to seek health and recreation by breathing the pure ether of our hills and plains.

Its political importance can scarcely have escaped the observation of British statesmen. The Imperial Government must be fully alive to the facilities offered by the C. P. R., to convey her troops with speed and safety to India and other British possessions, in case of war with a foreign power or rebellion in her own territories. But apart from Imperial considerations it must be apparent that to Canada the completion of the road is of the highest political importance, seeing that the life-blood of the nation, beating through this great artery, must cause the very extremities of this Dominion to throb with feelings of sympathy and interest that cannot be disunited.

THE clouds hang heavy round my way,
I cannot see ;
But through the darkness I believe
God leadeth me.
'Tis sweet to keep my hand in His,
While all is dim ;
To close my weary, aching eyes,
And follow Him ;
Through many a thorny path He leads
My tired feet ;
Through many a path of tears I go,
But it is sweet
To know that He is close to me,
My God, my Guide ;
He leadeth me, and so I walk
Quite satisfied.

JOHN RICHARD GREEN AND HIS "ENGLISH PEOPLE."

BY ALBERT CARSWELL, B.A.

Occasionally in the history of literature there has burst upon the scene a writer who charms all minds by the singular purity of his style: whose burning enthusiasm sheds an enchanting glow upon his pages; who wins our sympathies and warms our hearts, we scarcely know how; and whose life and untimely end affect us with peculiar force and sadness. In this age of luxury and indulgence it is very refreshing to meet with enthusiastic love of appointed work and thorough devotion to duty. But when we meet those qualities in one who enjoys no moment of perfect health, and who is almost unceasingly racked with pain, our admiration has a touch of sorrow in it. What makes it especially pathetic is, that some, nay many, of those heroic minds are fully cognizant of the short time they have for their labour, and assured that their work is a good work, they only hasten their efforts, and eagerly use every precious moment that may remain to them for their labour. And this was the case with John Richard Green, the author of the "History of the English People."

Nothing eventful marks his life; his early years and education were quite of the usual sort, and in due time he went to Oxford. Here no sign appeared of any special merit; he took no honours, and the only thing that was noticeable was perhaps a fondness for curious reading in history. He loved to rummage amongst old books, and was often found revelling in volumes not to be seen in the curriculum.

On leaving the University he entered the Church, and settled in the East End of London. Here he gave himself up conscientiously to his work. But he did not neglect his beloved literature. Frequent articles from his pen appeared in the various periodicals, and were eagerly sought after by the publishers. It is said that at this time his practice was to give all his salary to the poor of his parish, who were numerous indeed, and earn his own support by means of his pen.

A companion pleasantly describes a holiday jaunt taken with

him and some others on the continent. At evening they would stop at an old town, which perhaps had been flourishing in the time of the crusades, and whose battered and time-worn buildings, whose quaint customs and ancient institutions, were full of historical interest. Here Green's love for historical research was fully gratified; and in the morning following he would appear, to the never-failing surprise of his companions, with an account of the history of the town from the earliest times, and full of entertaining information. How he obtained so much curious and often obscure history, in so short a time, was a fruitful source of conjecture to his friends. But when we remark with what celerity, what "careful haste" he accomplished his later histories, we cease to wonder at those earlier performances.

His writings appeared as frequently as ever in the periodicals, but now he was to undertake a more important work, and one for which he was specially adapted—a "History of the English People." It is to be remarked that he chose the rather unusual description of "English People" instead of "England." He takes his readers, almost at the outset, away to the banks of the Weser and the Elbe, and shows them the brave sturdy people who were to be the founders of the future illustrious race of Englishmen. Green had a great love for those rude warriors, and gives perhaps the clearest, and certainly the most readable account of their government and institutions. The first thing to be remarked was the sturdy love of order and fair play that characterized them, and the general independence that was claimed by every warrior and landowner.

Their social life was probably the same as that of the other German peoples, but they were by no means mere savages. They were fierce warriors, but they were also busy fishers and tillers of the soil, as proud of their skill in handling plow and mattock, or steering the rude boat with which they hunted the walrus and whale, as of their skill in handling sword and spear. They were hard drinkers, no doubt, as they were hard toilers, and the "ale feast" was the centre of their social life. But coarse as the revel might seem to modern eyes, the scene within the timbered hall, which rose in the midst of their villages, was often Homeric in its simplicity and dignity.

"Queen or earl's wife with a train of maidens bore ale-bowl or mead-

bowl round the hall from the high settle of king or ealdorman in the midst to the mead benches ranged around its walls, while the gleeman sang the hero-songs of his race."

Max O'Rell, in his late book on "John Bull and his Isle," laughed, with a Frenchman's inability to comprehend, at the Englishman's strong religious feeling, and his sturdy sense of what was his duty as a man. This deep self-consciousness, this serious way of looking at life, is a general trait of the Teutonic race, but is especially characteristic of Englishmen. In the old Saxons this feeling was very strong, as appears from the song of "Beowulf," the earliest of English poems. A hero-king is bleeding his life away, from many wounds, and sings as he is nearing his end on the field of battle:

"I have this folk ruled these fifty winters. Lives there no folk-king of kings about me—not any one of them—dare in the war-strife welcome my onset! Time's change and chances I have abided, held my own fairly, sought not to snare men; oath never sware I falsely against right. So for all this may I glad be at heart now, sick though I sit here wounded with death wounds."

"Life," exclaims Green, "was built with them, not on the hope of an hereafter, but on the proud self-consciousness of noble souls."

Such a serious temper in men would cause them to consider the shortness of life and be troubled by its mysteries. But with no cowardly sound does the ancient poem proceed:

"Soon will it be that sickness or sword-blade shear thy strength from thee, or the fire ring thee, or the flood whelm thee, or the sword grip thee, or arrow hit thee, or age o'ertake thee and thine eye's brightness sink down in darkness. . . . To us it shall be as our weird betides, that weird that is every man's lord! . . . Well shall a man do when in the strife he minds but of winning longsome renown, nor for his life cares! . . . Death is better than a life of shame!" cries Beowulf's sword-fellow, and Beowulf himself takes up his strife. "Each man of us shall abide the end of his life-work: let him that may, work his doomed deeds ere death come."

In the time of Raleigh and Drake, Englishmen were said to engage in fight with the Spaniards as if they were boys at play. What seemed play to Englishmen was terrible work to the Spaniards. And this feeling of grim joy in fighting was but a survival of the same feeling in their forefathers, those old Englishmen.

"Their mood was, above all, a mood of fighting men—venturesome, self-reliant, proud, with a dash of hardness and cruelty in it, but ennobled by the virtues which spring from war, by personal courage, and loyalty to plighted word, and by a high and stern sense of manhood and the worth of man. A grim joy in hard fighting was already a characteristic of the race. War was the Englishman's 'shield play' and 'sword game;' the gleeman's verse took fresh fire as he sang of the rush of the host and the crash of the shield-line. . . . Each sword had its name like a living thing. And next to the love of war came their love of the sea. . . . In the fond playfulness of English verse the ship was 'the wave floater,' 'the foam-necked,' 'like a bird,' as it skimmed the wave crest."

And as we recall the love Englishmen have for the sea at the present day, and how "Britannia rules the waves," and as we remember the heroic English soldiers of modern times, we may well conclude that they have not changed in these later years, but that Englishmen are still Englishmen indeed, and worthy of their brave ancestors.

When he comes to deal with Alfred, one sees with what pleasure Green dwells upon the excellences of that amiable prince. Alfred embodied all that was best in the English character, no other man had such a combination of lovable qualities. He was an example of its deep sense of duty, its courage, its energy: his patience and self-control, his temperance, his openness of heart and strong affection, his poetic tenderness and his deep religious feeling, were some of the good qualities of Englishmen. The historian writes:

"Vexed as he was by sickness and constant pain, his spirit took no touch of asceticism. His rare geniality, a peculiar elasticity and mobility of nature, gave colour and charm to his life. A sunny frankness and openness of spirit breathes in the pleasant chat of his books, and what he was in his books he showed himself in his daily converse. . . . His love of books, his love of strangers, his questionings of travellers and scholars, betray an imaginative restlessness, that longs to break out of the narrow world of experience which hemmed him in. . . . . And side by side with this restless outlook of the artistic nature, he showed its tenderness and susceptibility, its vivid apprehension of unseen danger, its craving for affection, its sensitiveness to wrong. 'So long,' says the king, 'as I have lived, I have striven to live worthily.'"

Alfred desired that generations should remember him; and when all other history of this period has been veiled in obscurity—when, in fact, the whole history of Englishmen has been confused and but slightly known, every English child has been familiar with the story of King Alfred.

The invasion of the Danes left but little effect upon England; there was great similarity in the languages of the two peoples, and they might have been called but different tribes of the same nation; besides, King Canute retained only a body-guard of his countrymen, sending the main body back to Denmark. It was when Englishmen were conquered by William the Norman,—or, more properly, Norseman,—that Englishmen felt the weight of a truly foreign yoke. These Normans were the descendants of Danes who had obtained the north part of France from the French king, and rendered him homage as lord. They had gradually assumed the language and customs of France, and although they came over to England almost as Frenchmen, yet they were in reality Danes,—Norsemen,—and thus somewhat akin to the Englishmen whom they conquered.

For about a hundred and fifty years there was a great distinction between Normans and Englishmen,—in fact, it was considered by the former a disgrace to be called by the latter name. But during the reigns of John and Henry III. this distinction was passing away, and when the warlike King Edward I. sat on the English throne, there was no subject in his dominions but was proud of the name of Englishman. The Normans had become absorbed in the great body of the people, who henceforth, united in a common love for their native land, advanced rapidly in power and civilization; whose language rapidly asserted itself, whose literature now began, feebly indeed, that course which has since made it the finest in the world; whose bravery, whose enterprise, whose honour, and whose manly Christianity, have been a source of pride to everyone, everywhere, who owns the name of Englishman.

It is extremely interesting to watch the steady and consistent development of this sturdy principle, this stern and conscious determination, to do what to them appeared right, and to claim what was their own, that was so prominent a feature in the English character. No people had a more proper idea of what was due to them from their sovereign, and no people ever showed a more stubborn insistence upon their rights. Perhaps it is too much to say that the revolt of the barons against King John was a revolt of Englishmen, but at least the English stoutly supported the barons in their action, and the bonds of union between the two were closer drawn. The Great Charter

then obtained was never allowed to be annulled, but each succeeding sovereign sought the approbation of his subjects by solemnly confirming the rights granted by it. But it was a united England that won from the first Edward, and carried on under the third, the great principle of taxation by Parliament, and this principle, so fatal to tyrannies, has survived the repeated attempts of would-be despots to destroy. And it was the stubborn bravery of Englishmen that humbled the power of France and enabled the King to defy the authority of the Pope.

In the disastrous civil wars, when all men's energies were employed on behalf either of the red rose or the white, liberty was lost sight of, and religious interest became but slight. And when, after that long and terrible struggle, the nation lay exhausted, she became an easy prey for the almost absolute rulers, whose despotism culminated with the reign of Henry VIII. During this period of quiescence, broken only by the short and decisive campaign of Bosworth, the country was slowly recovering from her prostration; men's minds began to be occupied with other things than war, and as English minds always take to serious matters, Englishmen became deeply interested in religion. Several translations of the Bible appeared: men seized upon them eagerly: knowledge increased, and with the aid, as well as in spite of the King, the Reformation was begun.

What follows is a long history of fortitude and suffering; but the tireless patience of those determined Englishmen—so stubborn in matters of faith, and yet with so many admirable qualities; with such high sense of honour, willing to make so much sacrifice for the sake of principle; and, like those older Englishmen, so prone to look upon the more serious side of life, spurning the empty frivolities of the world, and filled with earnest questionings of the future—their patience triumphed over every impediment. Although they were not by any means perfect in those days, and suffered many failures, still enlightenment came with time, and to-day England is a beacon-light to all the world, and the same spirit that animated those old warriors in the time of the Saxon heptarchy, now purified to a clearer principle, animates the breasts of all true Englishmen, moving them to observe an honourable uprightness and forbearance among men and filling them with a desire to spread

the knowledge of Christianity to the farthest confines of the world.

It may be thought that the severity of the tenets of the Puritans was no fair example of the English mind; but although Englishmen are by no means Puritans, yet they have the same strict conscience, the same serious mind, the same sensitive regard for liberty of belief and personal independence, and the same hatred of anything base or unfair; in short, though Puritanism was an exaggeration indeed of the English character, still it was merely an exaggeration.

The attention of the world has been focused upon England during the last few years, and men have discerned signs of trouble; strife and failure at home and strife and failure abroad. And some indeed among Englishmen have allowed their faith in their countrymen to fail, and have prophesied the decay of England's greatness. Let us look into the matter a moment. We see Governments hampered with various discontented parties, and baffled in many diplomatic missions. We see radical members and infidel members whose desire is to sweep away all remnants of the ancient constitution; we see armies sent out on meaningless expeditions, and returning sadly decimated after prodigies of unavailing valour. We see depression in trade and gloom in the manufactories. We see all this. But we see also honest and conscientious men at the head of the Government. We see honourable ambassadors, above all trickery and deceit, though they be baffled by unscrupulous foreign agents. We see noble courage and calm devotion among her soldiers and sailors. Above all, we see in the vast body of her people more love for all that is pure and honourable, more of that strong feeling of responsibility to a higher power, more of that quiet self-command and that worthy pride of soul, which have ever been their dearest heritage,—we say, we see more of all these than England ever possessed before. Surely when the people themselves are so highly ennobled, it is idle to talk of ruin merely on account of material troubles.

> "What constitutes a State?
> Not high-raised battlement or laboured mound,
> Thick wall or moated gate;
> Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
> Not bays and broad-armed ports,
> Where, laughing at the storm, proud navies ride;

Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride!
No! Men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued,
In forest, brake or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;—
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights; and, knowing, dare maintain."

And men England has in abundance, who only await the emergency to rise and assert the nobility of their birth. Let us look at one or two of those who have figured in the late history of their country's affairs. Amid the burning sands of Africa there has passed away a man of whom any nation might have been proud—a soul too lofty to be understood by his contemporaries. Some have sneered at him as a crank: they could not conceive why he should wish to keep honour with savages, why he should observe promises made to slaves. But notwithstanding the fact that circumstances were too much for him, notwithstanding that he failed to accomplish his task, his example shines out, amid the darkness of selfishness and intrigue to the undying honour of the English name; and people, whose whole experience of civilization has been identified with spoliation and fraud, remember him as one whose transparent honesty and whose humane sympathy inspired in them love for him and respect for his people. When we look upon the life of General Gordon we cannot lose hope for England.

We have seen a statesman, whom all the world respects as an earnest Christian man, doing his duty in the face of innumerable obstacles, in spite of fiery partizans, pursuing his unfaltering course; too scrupulous and conscientious, perhaps, to satisfy his supporters, or to contend with unprincipled foes, but nevertheless an example of English rectitude, to whom all his countrymen may point with pride. Very dissimilar indeed were Gordon and Gladstone; perhaps their only points of agreement were that both were honourable, earnest men, and both were Englishmen.

In old days Englishmen were not carried away by the glare and noise of life; they had serious views of existence, they felt their responsibility, they were filled with the stern pride that scorns to do a mean or contemptible act, they felt that life was full of duty and toil, and was worth living well. And we see this same

spirit in the Englishmen of to-day. They are the most industrious nation in the world, and duty fills a large place in their thoughts. Their honour and sense of manly worth is the same as in ancient days, and their devotion to plighted word has never weakened. Englishmen, in emergency, will not be found wanting. They have the same love of fighting as of old, but their religion does not encourage fighting without cause: but if cause arise, if England be assailed, not only from England will her sons arise, terrible in their earnestness and might, but from her hundred colonies also will come a band of men in whose veins flow her own honourable blood, and in whose hearts there throbs for her an undying love.

The story of the last days of John Richard Green resembles very much the closing history of one of those old heroic souls he loved to describe; and doubtless his spirit was fortified and his strength in a measure sustained by his association with so many noble characters whose high qualities it was his consuming desire to unfold and impress upon the minds of their descendants. One is reminded forcibly of the touching scene of the death of the Venerable Bede, dictating with feeble voice to the weeping disciple the translation of the Gospel of John, solely careful to finish the work and giving no thought to his swift approaching departure.

"A few days before Ascension-tide his sickness grew upon him, but he spent the whole day in teaching, only saying cheerfully to his scholars: 'Learn with what speed you may, I know not how long I may last.' The dawn broke on another sleepless night, and again the old man called his disciples round him and bade them write. 'There is still a chapter wanting,' said the scribe, as the morning drew on, 'and it is hard for thee to question thyself any longer.' 'It is easily done,' said Baeda, 'take thy pen and write quickly.' Amid tears and farewells, the day wore on to evening, 'There is yet one sentence unwritten, dear master,' said the boy. 'Write it quickly,' bade the dying man. 'It is finished now,' said the little scribe at last. 'You speak truth,' said the master; 'all is finished now.' Placed upon the pavement, his head supported in his scholar's arms, his face turned to the spot where he was wont to pray, Baeda chanted the solemn 'Glory to God.' As his voice reached the close of his song, he passed quietly away."

A great part of the history we have been discussing was written amid peculiarly trying illness, and all the later work of the historian was done in "careful haste," and with constantly failing strength. It was a constant courageous fight with weakness and langour, but there was no thought of laying aside

his task while he had strength to hold his pen. His time was uncertain,—nay, he verily lived from day to day,—and what he had to do was done at once; it could not safely be put off. But amid all his weakness he did not produce careless work; he rewrote many portions four or five times over, so anxious was he that his history should be worthy of its noble theme.

In those last days, as it had ever been, the great love he bore his native country was the true inspiration of his life. His great desire was to fill Englishmen with a sense of their high descent and noble ancestry; to impress upon them the duty of upholding and guarding the national honour committed to their charge, and to fill them with a noble emulation of those ancient heroes who had done honour to the English name. He was sure his work was a good work; he felt it was his duty, and he endeavoured bravely to accomplish it. Like the old warrior, in the song of Beowulf, he strove while he lived to live worthily.

John Richard Green saw clearly the scant measure of his allotted time, but with untroubled spirit he determined to make the utmost use of it. He counted his days; he made his plans, and set earnestly to work. There were days of fitful strength, followed by days of depressing languor; there were times of renewed hopes and changed plans: there were hurryings to softer skies, away from winter chills, and there were eager home returnings when winter had passed away and given place to "gentle spring." His labour never ceased, nor did his cheerful temper fail as his weakness grew upon him; and when he found himself unable to leave his couch, he learned to dictate to an amanuensis. The work progressed still on; further changes of plans were made, nothing served to damp his ardent spirit while he could struggle on. But one morning, after a few lines "written in haste," nature sank exhausted, and the work was laid, unfinished, aside. Still he hoped for renewed strength; as each morning appeared, he hoped to be able to resume his task. But when weakness increased and powers failed, he at last gave up his labours.

"It was as death drew nearer still," writes his wife, his faithful counsellor and helpmeet, "that for the first time he said, 'Now I am weary, I can work no more.' Thus he laid down, with uncomplaining patience, the task he had taken up with unflinching courage. God so granted it him."

Oshawa, Ont.

THE FOUR GOSPELS.*

BY F. W. FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.,
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III.—THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. LUKE.

ABOUT Luke, the Evangelist, we know but little. Apart from guesses and traditions, our information respecting him is exceedingly scanty. Leaving "the shiftless quagmire of baseless traditions" we see from St. Luke's own writings, and from authentic notices of him, that he was master of a good Greek style;—an accomplished writer, a close observer, an unassuming historian, a well-instructed physician, and a most faithful friend. If the Theophilus to whom he dedicates both his works was the Theophilus mentioned in the Clementines as a wealthy Antiochene, who gave up his house to the preaching of St. Peter, then St. Luke may have been his freedman, since physicians frequently held no higher rank than that of slaves.

Turning to the Gospel itself, we may first notice that it sets before us that conception of the life and work of Christ which was the basis of the teaching of St. Paul. The views of the great Apostle of the Gentiles are no less represented in the Gospel of St. Luke than are those of the great Apostle of the Circumcision in the Gospel of St. Mark. By the providence of God we find such holy and beautiful friendships in formative epochs of the Church, as at the Reformation between Luther and Melanchthon, Calvin and Beza, Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley. How much should we have lost but for the friendship between St. Paul and the loved physician, between St. Peter and "Marcus my son."

St. Luke's is the longest of the Gospels. A third of the facts it contains is wanting in the other Synoptists. It is dominated throughout by a spirit large and sweet and wise, and "joins the emotion of the drama to the serenity of the idyll. It is full of tears and songs and laughter; it is the hymn of the new people, the hosanna of the little ones and of the humble introduced into the kingdom. A spirit of holy infancy, of joy, of fervour,

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the evangelistic sentiment in its first originality pervades it with an incomparable sweetness."

Among the characteristics of this Gospel we may observe the following :—

I. St. Luke is the first hymnologist. The *Benedictus*, or song of Zacharias, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel;" the *Magnificat*, or song of Mary, "My soul doth magnify the Lord;" the *Nunc Dimittis*, or song of Simeon, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace:" the *Ave Maria* (i. 28-33) and the *Gloria in excelsis* (ii. 14)—how rich a contribution to our Christian Psalmody is this! How great was the privilege of the Evangelist in having been thus permitted to hand down to us the words sung daily by myriads of Christian lips! St. Matthew represents the Gospel as the accomplishment of the Old Dispensation; but, on the very threshold of St. Luke's Gospel, the songs of Mary and of Zachariah set forth more decisively the character of the New, as a kingdom of the Spirit; as a spring of life and joy opened for human beings; as a mystery, prophesied of, indeed, because it is eternal, but now, in the appointed time, revealed to men. The Gospel of the Saviour begins with hymns and ends with praises; and, as the thanksgivings of the meek are recorded in the first chapter, so, in the last, we listen to the gratitude of the faithful.

II. St. Luke's Gospel gives special prominence to prayer, not only by recording (as St. Matthew also does) the Lord's Prayer, but also by alone preserving to us the record how in no less than six instances during His ministry our Saviour prayed. Though He was the Lord of heaven and earth, yet as a Man He prayed to His Father in heaven. It is in St. Luke (as in St. Paul) that we find twice repeated, the thought and the rule, that men ought to pray always, to pray without ceasing, and not to faint. And this exhortation is emphasized by the two parables (preserved by St. Luke alone) which encourage us to a persistent energy, a holy importunity, a storming of the kingdom of heaven by violence, a victorious refusal to be denied the granting of our prayers—the parable of the friend at midnight and of the unjust judge. Thus the Gospel of eucharistic hymns is also specially the Gospel of unceasing prayers.

III. Passing over minor characteristics, this Gospel is marked

in many details by two main features—the presentation of the Gospel in its gratuitousness and in its universality. "By grace ye are saved through faith," might be the motto of St. Luke as of his great friend and teacher St. Paul. The word "grace," the word "Saviour," or "salvation," the words "to tell glad tidings," often recur in it; and these rich words are applied not exclusively to the Jews, but universally to all. The angels in their opening song announce a Saviour and good-will toward men. Jesus is not only the Son of David, or even the Son of Abraham, but the Son of Adam, the Son of God. It is St. Luke alone who ends the prophecy of Isaiah about the Baptist with the words, "And *all flesh* shall see the salvation of God." He alone records the sermon on the text which prophesied that Jesus should heal the broken-hearted and preach deliverance to the captive. Lastly (to omit many other instances), in him alone does the Lord ascend to His Father in heaven blessing His people with uplifted hands. Tradition says that the Evangelist was a painter; a painter in the common sense he was not, but in another sense he was; and what a picture of our Saviour Christ does this great ideal painter set forth to us—how divine, how exquisite, how circled, as it were, with a rainbow! He comes with angel carols; He departs with priestly benedictions. We catch our first glimpse of Him in the manger cradle of Bethlehem; our last, as from the slopes of Olivet, He vanishes into the cloud of glory with pierced hands upraised to bless.

IV. These two grand dominant ideas of the gratuitousness and universality of the Gospel, as this beloved and loving Evangelist records it, are applied in various ways—every one of which is full of instruction.

The Judaism of that day had degenerated (as all spurious religion tends to degenerate) into a religion of hatreds. The Pharisaic Jews hated the Gentiles, hated the Samaritans, despised the poor, oppressed womanhood, insulted publicans, would have called down fire from heaven on all who differed from themselves. Far different is the spirit of the Gospel as set forth by St. Luke. In his pages, towards every age, towards either sex, towards all nations, towards all professions, towards men of every opinion and all shades of character, our blessed Lord appears as *Christus Consolator*, the Good Physician of

souls, the Gospeller of the poor, the Brother who loves all His brethren in the great family of God, the impartial Healer and Ennobler of a sick and suffering humanity, the Desire of all nations, the Saviour of the world.

St. Luke's is the Gospel of the infancy. St. Matthew too tells us something of the Saviour's birth; but he does not record the birth and infancy of the Baptist, nor the Annunciation, nor the meeting of Mary and Elizabeth, nor the song of the herald angels, nor the Circumcision, nor the Presentation in the Temple, nor the growth of Jesus in universal favour and sweet submission, nor, above all, that one anecdote of His Confirmation at twelve years old, which is "the solitary flower gathered from the silence of thirty years." All three Evangelists indeed tell us how "they brought young children to Christ," and how He laid His sacred hands upon the little heads; but by narrating the infancy and boyhood of Christ, St. Luke teaches us more effectually that even in infancy, even in boyhood, Humanity at every period of its brief life is sacred, for it is Humanity redeemed and consecrated from the cradle to the grave. The valley of its utmost weakness, no less than its valley of the shadow of death, has been illuminated by the footsteps of its heavenly King.

It is also the Gospel of womanhood. St. Luke alone records the special graciousness and tenderness of Jesus to woman. He alone tells of the raising of the dead boy for whom the heart of Jesus was touched with compassion, because he was "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow;" he alone that Jesus was accompanied in His mission journeys—not by warriors like David, not by elders like Moses, not by kings and princes like the Herods—but by a most humble band of ministering women. He alone preserves the narratives, treasured with delicate reserve and holy reticence in the hearts of the blessed Virgin and of the saintly Elizabeth—narratives which show in every line the pure and tender colouring of a woman's thoughts. He alone tells us how honest Martha was cumbered with much serving, and how Mary of Bethany—the gentle and the lowly—chose, sitting humbly at the feet of Jesus, the better part; he alone how the Lord once addressed to a poor, crushed, trembling, humiliated sufferer the tender name of "daughter;" he alone how, when the weeping women mingled with the

crowds who followed Him as He passed to Calvary, He turned and said, "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children." The Scribes and Pharisees gathered up their robes lest they should touch a woman in the streets or synagogues; they pretended that it was a disgrace to look at, much more to talk to, a woman; but He, the holy and the sinless, knew that in the normal life of pure humanity it is only the twofold heart which beats with one full life; that man and woman must together walk this world

> "Yoked to all exercise of noble end,
> And so through those dark gates across the wold
> Which no man knows."

V. Again, St. Luke's is the Gospel pre-eminently of the poor and of humble people, whom the world despises and ignores. In his Gospel it is to the poor peasant-girl of Nazareth that the angel comes. It is she who represents humanity in its lowest, simplest form, and the only "*sancta, sanctissima*" that she can claim is in the pure and sweet submission of "Behold the handmaid of the Lord." Nor is it to kings or priests or Pharisees that the herald angels sing, but to simple "shepherds, abiding in the field, watching over their flocks by night." Nor is it Hillel or Shammai, or Annas or Caiaphas—not rabbis white with the snows of a hundred winters, or pontiffs with "gems oracular" upon their breasts—who take the infant Jesus in their arms, but unknown men and widowed women, waiting only, in devout hope, for the Consolation of Israel. He alone reports the parable of Dives and Lazarus; he alone that of the rich fool; he alone the calling of "the poor, the maimed, the halt, the blind" to the great supper; he alone the warning not to choose chief seats, and of the humble exalted; he alone the counsel to the Pharisees to "give alms;" and to the disciples to "sell what they have:" and the advice of St. John the Baptist to part with one of two coats. It is not by any means that he reprobates the mere possession of riches. He recognises the faithfulness of a Nicodemus and a Joseph of Arimathæa; but he saw the special necessity, in such days as those, to admonish the rich men who were grasping and oppressive and illiberal. Like St. James, he felt it to be his duty to warn all who were tempted, as the rich in all ages are tempted, to trust in uncertain riches, instead of being "rich towards God."

VI. But, more than this, St. Luke's Gospel is the Gospel not only of children and of the Gentiles, and of the humble and the despised, of the blind, the lame, the halt, the maimed, but even of the publican and the harlot, the prodigal and the outcast; not only of Mary, but of the Magdalene; not only of Zacchæus, but of the dying thief. The lessons of this Gospel should make us blush if ever we are eager to point the first finger, or to fling the first stone. To delight in blame, to revel in depreciation, is the characteristic of the very basest of mankind. And are we more sinless than the sinless One? More indignant at wrong than He? Yet, while He had plain thunderings and lightnings for impenitent Pharisaism and triumphant wickedness, how did he treat the sinful who knew that they were sinful, and the fallen who did not deny their fall? Now it is a tax-gatherer of bad reputation, and He says, "He also is a son of Abraham." Now it is a gay young fool, who has devoured his living with harlots, and comes all ragged and degraded from the far land and the feeding swine; and while he is yet a great way off, his father has compassion on him, and falls on his neck and kisses him. Now it is a broken-down woman who has touched Him, and He tenderly shields her shrinking anguish from the scorn of the unsympathising crowd. Now it is a coarse bandit, dying in agony upon the cross, and He says, "To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." Now it is a miserable castaway, her soul full of seven devils, who steels behind Him to kiss His feet as she weeps amid her tangled hair; and, while the proud, hard Pharisee scoffs, and comments, and sneers, He says, "Simon, seest thou this woman? I came into thy house; thou gavest Me no water for My feet, but she hath wetted My feet with tears and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest Me no kiss; but this woman, since the time I came in, hath not ceased to kiss My feet. My head with oil thou didst not anoint; but this woman hath anointed My feet with ointment. Wherefore, I say unto thee, her sins which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much. And He said unto her, Thy sins are forgiven."

VII. Lastly, this divine and gracious universality of tenderness is extended—which seems among Christians to be the hardest thing of all—even to those who differ from us in religious opinions. St. Luke's is pre-eminently the Gospel of

tolerance. Even against the Jews he does not breathe a single harsh syllable. It shows how deeply he has grasped the truth that Christ has "other sheep which are not of this fold," though they all form the one flock. St. Luke may teach us the deeply-needed lesson that all religious rancour—whether it call itself Protestant or Catholic, Evangelical or Ritualist—is not religious but irreligious; not Christian, but un-Christian and anti-Christian. Hear what Christ says. The Samaritans were held by the Jews to be deadly heretics, and Jesus Himself told them that they "worshipped that which they knew not:"—yet how does He commend the gratitude of the Samaritan leper! How does he choose as His type of love to our neighbour, not the indifferent priest, or the peering Levite, but the good Samaritan! "Let us call down fire from heaven as Elijah did," cry the religious controversialists of all times; and to all times comes the meek rebuke of the Saviour, "Ye know not, what manner of spirit ye are of; for the Son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them."

VIII. Such, then, is the Gospel of St. Luke;—the Gospel of the Greek and of the future; of catholicity of mind; the Gospel of hymns and of prayers; the Gospel of the Saviour; the Gospel of the universality and gratuitousness of salvation; the Gospel of holy toleration; the Gospel of those whom the religious world regards as heretics; the Gospel of the publican, and the outcast, and the humble poor, and the weeping Magdalene, and the crucified malefactor; the Gospel of the lost piece of money and the lost sheep; the Gospel of the good Samaritan and of the prodigal Son; the Gospel of the saintly life, of piety, of forgiveness obtained by faith, of pardon for all the world; the Gospel of grace and of the glad tidings of free salvation; the Gospel of Him who was, as we all are, the Son of Adam, and who died that we all might be the sons of God. Such are its lessons. Have not some of us very much misread and mistaken them? Has the best Christian among us all done more than just begin to spell out their meaning?

O Thou whose word from solid darkness struck
That spark the sun, strike wisdom from my soul.
—*Young.*

JAN VEDDER'S WIFE.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER V.—SHIPWRECK.

No man set more nakedly side by side the clay and spirit of his double nature than Jan Vedder. Long before he returned from his first voyage, he became sorry for the deception he had practised upon his wife, and determined to acknowledge to her his fault, as far as he saw it to be a fault. He was quite willing to promise her, that as soon as *The Solan* was clear of debt, he would begin to repay her the money she prized so much.

Her first voyage was highly successful, and he was, as usual, sanguine beyond all reasonable probabilities; quite sure, indeed, that Tulloch and Margaret could both be easily paid off in two years. Surely two years was a very short time for a wife to trust her husband with £600. Arguing, then, from his own good intentions, and his own hopes and calculations, he had persuaded himself before he reached Lerwick again that the forced loan was really nothing to make any fuss about, that it would doubtless be a very excellent thing, and that Margaret would be sure to see it as he did.

The Solan touched Lerwick in the afternoon. Jan sent a message to Tulloch, and hastened to his home. Even at a distance the lonely air of the place struck him unpleasantly. There was no smoke from the chimneys, the windows were all closed. At first he thought, "Margaret is gone for a day's visit somewhere—it is unlucky then." But as he reached the closed gate other changes made themselves apparent. His Newfoundland dog, that had always known his step afar off, and came bounding to meet him, did not answer his whistle. Though he called Brenda, his pet seal, repeatedly, she came not; she, that had always met him with an almost human affection. He perceived before his feet touched the threshold how it was: Margaret had gone to her father's, or the animals and poultry would have been in the yard.

But his first impulse was to follow her there and bring her home, and he felt in his pocket for the golden chain and locket he had brought her as a peace-offering. For fully five minutes he stood at his bolted door wondering what to do. He determined at last that the quiet of his lonely home was the best place in which to consider this new phase of affairs between him and his wife, and while doing so he could make a cup of tea, and wash and refresh himself before the interview.

He unfastened the kitchen shutter and leaped in. Then the

sense of his utter desolation smote him. Mechanically he walked through the despoiled, dusty, melancholy rooms. Not a stool left on which he could sit down. He laughed aloud—that wretched laugh of reckless sorrow, that is far more pitiful than weeping. Then he went to Torr's. People had seen him on his way to his home, and no one had been kind enough to prevent his taking the useless, wretched journey. He felt deeply wounded and indignant. There was not half a dozen men or women in Lerwick whose position in regard to Jan would have excused their interference, but of that he did not think. Every man and woman knew his shame and wrong. Some one might have warned him. Torr shook his head sympathetically at Jan's complaints and gave him plenty of liquor, and in an hour he had forgotten his grief in a drunken stupor.

The next morning he went to Peter's house to see his wife. Peter knew of his arrival, and he had informed himself of all that had happened in Torr's room. Jan had, of course, spoken hastily and passionately, and had drunk deeply, and none of his faults had been kept from Margaret. Hour after hour she watched, sick with longing and fear and anger, hour after hour, until Peter came in, stern and dour, and said :

" Get thee to thy bed, Margaret. Jan Vedder has said words of thee this night that are not to be forgiven, and he is now fathoms deep in Torr's liquor. See thou speak not with him—good nor bad," and Peter struck the table so angrily, that both women were frightened into a silence, which he took for consent.

So when Jan asked to see his wife, Thora stood in the door, and in her sad, still way told him that Peter had left strict orders against his entering the house.

" But thou, mother, wilt ask Margaret to come out here and speak to me ? Yes, thou wilt do that," and he eagerly pressed in Thora's hand the little present he had brought. " Give her this, and tell her I wait here for her."

After ten minutes' delay, Thora returned and gave him the trinket back. Margaret wanted her £600 and not a gold locket, and Jan had not even sent her a message about it.

Jan put the unfortunate peace-offering in his pocket, and walked away without a word. " He will trouble thee no more, Margaret," said Thora quietly. Margaret fancied there was a tone of reproach or regret in the voice. It angered her anew ; and she answered, " It is well ; it were better if he had never come at all." But in her heart she expected Jan to come, and come again, until she pardoned him.

It is true she had permitted her father to dismantle their home, but she had a distinct reason for that, and one which she intended to have told Jan, had he come back under circumstances to warrant the confidence. In fact she had begun to dis-

like the house very much. It was too small, too far away from her mother, and from the town; besides which, Peter had the very house she longed for vacant, and she hoped so to manage her father, as to make the exchange she wished. Perhaps, too, she was a little bit superstitious. No one had ever been lucky in the house in which she and Jan had lived. She sometimes felt angry at her father for thrusting it upon them.

As it was, with all its faults she was beginning to miss the independence it gave her. No married woman ever goes back to the best of homes, and takes the place of her maidenhood.

After Margaret's refusal to see Jan, he went back to his boat, and employed himself all day about her cargo, and in settling accounts with Tulloch. It was very late when he went to see Snorro. But Snorro was waiting for him. Now that things had come to a crisis he was ready to hear all Jan's complaints; he believed him in all things to have done right.

"Thou hast asked her once, Jan," he said; "that was well and right. Thou shalt not go again. No, indeed! Let her come and tell thee she is sorry. Then thou can show her a man's heart, and forgive her freely, without yea or nay in the matter. What right had she to pull thy house to pieces without thy knowledge? Come, now, and I will show thee the place I have made for thee when thou art in Lerwick."

There was a big loft over Peter's store, with a narrow ladder-like stair to it. It was full of the lumber of thirty years and tenanted by a colony of Norway rats, who were on the most familiar terms with Snorro. There was a corner in this garret with a window looking seaward, and here Snorro had cleared a small space, and boarded it up like a room. A bed of down and feathers, with a cover of sealskins occupied one side; two rude seats, a big goods-box turned up for a table, and some shelves full of the books Jan had brought him, completed its furniture.

"See here, Jan, I have been fifteen years with Peter Fae, and no feet but mine have ever entered this loft. Here thou canst be at peace. My dear Jan, lie thee down, and sleep now."

Jan was glad to do it. He put the gold locket on Snorro's table, and said, "Thou keep it. I bought it for her, and she sent it back to me."

"Some day she will be glad of it. Be thou sure of that."

During the summer Jan made short and quick voyages, and so he spent many an hour in this little retreat talking with Snorro, for he had much to annoy and trouble him. On his return from every voyage he sent Margaret the money he had made, and some little token of his love with it. She always sent both back without a word. She understood from them that Jan would come back no more in person, and that she

would have to make the next advance, either by voice or letter. Many times she had declared she would never do this, and the declaration even in her tenderest hours, bound her to her self-inflicted loneliness and grief. So on Snorro's rude table the pretty womanly trinkets accumulated, and Snorro looked at them with constantly gathering anger.

One morning in October he heard a thing that made his heart leap. The physician of the town hurried into the store, and cried, "Peter Fae, here hath come a little man to thy house. A handsome lad he is, indeed. Now, then, go and see him."

"What of my daughter, doctor?"

"She will do well enough."

Snorro lifted never an eyelash, but his face glowed like fire. Jan, then, had a son! Jan's son! Already he loved the child. Surely he would be the peacemaker. Now the mother and father must meet. He had almost forgiven Margaret. How he longed for Jan to come back. Alas! when he did, Margaret was said to be dying; Peter had not been at his store for three days.

The double news met Jan as soon as he put his foot on the quay. "Thou hast a son, Jan." "Thy wife is dying." Jan was nearly distraught. With all a man's strength of feeling, he had emotions as fervent and vivid as a woman: he forgot in a moment every angry feeling, and hastened to his wife. Peter opened the door; when he saw Jan he could have struck him. He did what was more cruel, he shut the door in his face, and drew the bolt passionately across it.

Jan, however, would not leave the vicinity. He stopped the doctor, and every one that came and went. In a few hours this became intolerable to Peter. He ordered him to go away, but Jan sat on a large stone by the gate, with his head in his hands, and answered him never a word. Then he sent Thora to him. In vain Jan tried to soften her heart. "Margaret is unconscious, yet she mourns constantly for thee. Thou art my child's murderer," she said sternly. "Go thy ways before I curse thee."

He turned away then and went down to the seaside, and threw himself, in an agony of despair, upon the sand and the yellow tangle.

Just at dark some one touched him, and asked sternly, "Art thou drunk, Jan Vedder, to-day? To-day, when thy wife is dying?"

"It is with sorrow I am drunk." Then he opened his eyes and saw the minister standing over him. Slowly he rose to his feet, and stood stunned and trembling before him.

"Jan! Go to thy wife. She is very ill. At the last she may want thee and only thee."

"They will not let me see her. Do thou speak to Peter Fae for me."

"Hast thou not seen her or thy son?"

"I have not been within the door. Oh, do thou speak for me!"

"Come with me."

Together they went back to Peter Fae's house. The door was locked, and the minister knocked.

"Who is there?"

"It is I, and Jan Vedder. Peter, unbolt the door."

"Thou art God's minister and ever welcome; but I will not let Jan Vedder cross my door-stone."

"Thou wilt let us both in. Indeed thou wilt. I am amazed at thee, Peter. What God has joined together, let no man put asunder. Art thou going to strive against God? I say to thee unbolt the door, unbolt it quick, lest thou be too late. If thou suffer not mercy to pass through it, I tell thee there are those who will pass through it, the door being shut."

Then Peter drew the bolt and set the door wide, but his face was hard as iron, and black as midnight.

"Jan," said the minister, "thy wife and child are in the next room. Go and see them, it will be good for thee. Peter, well may the Lord Christ say, 'I come as a thief in the night;' and be sure of this, He will break down the bars that burst open the doors of those who rise not willingly to let Him in."

In Shetland at that day, and indeed at the present day, the minister has almost a papal authority. Peter took the reproof in silence. Doctor Balloch was, however, a man who in any circumstances would have had influence and authority among those brought in contact with him, for though he spared not the rod in the way of his ministry, he was in all minor matters full of gentleness and human kindness. Old and young had long ago made their hearts over to him.

While Jan was in his wife's presence, Doctor Balloch stood silent, looking into the fire: Peter gazed out of the widow. Neither spoke until Jan returned. Then the minister turned and looked at the young man. It was plain that he was on the verge of insensibility again. He took his arm and led him to a couch. "Lie down, Jan:" then turning to Peter, he said, "Thy son has had no food to-day. He is faint and suffering. Let thy women make him some tea, and bring him some bread and meat."

"I have said that he shall not eat bread in my house."

"Then thou hast said an evil and uncharitable thing. Unsay it, Peter. See, the lad is fainting!"

"I cannot mend that. He shall not break bread in my house."

"Then I say this to thee. Thou shalt not break bread at thy Lord's supper in His house. No, thou shalt not, for thou would be doing it unworthily, and eating damnation to thyself. What saith thy Lord Christ? If thine enemy hunger, feed him. Now then, order the bread and tea for Jan Vedder."

Peter called a woman servant and gave the order. Then, almost in a passion, he faced the minister, and said, "Oh, sir, if thou knew the evil this man hath done me and mine!"

"In such a case Christ's instructions are very plain—'Overcome evil with good.' Now, thou knowest thy duty. If thou sin, I have warned thee—the sin is on thine own head."

Jan heard nothing of this conversation. The voices of the two men were only like spent waves breaking on the shores of his consciousness. But very soon a woman brought him a basin of hot tea, and he drank it and ate a few mouthfuls. It gave him a little strength, he gathered himself together, opened the door, and without speaking went out into the night. The minister followed, watching him carefully, until he saw Michael Snorro take him in his big arms, and carry him to a pile of sealskins. Then he knew that he was in good hands.

Poor Jan! He was utterly spent and miserable. The few minutes he had passed at Margaret's side had brought him no comfort. He heard her constantly muttering his name, but it was in the awful, far-distant voice of a soul speaking through a dream. She was unconscious of his presence; he trembled in hers. Just for a moment Thora had allowed him to lift his son, and to press the tiny face against his own. Then all was darkness, and a numb, aching sorrow, until he found himself in Snorro's arms.

Many days Margaret Vedder lay between life and death, but at length there was hope, and Jan sailed again. He went away very miserable, though he had fully determined it should be his last voyage if Margaret wished it so. He would see her on his return, he would tell her how sorry he was, he would sell *The Solan* and give back the £600; he would even humble himself to Peter, and go back to the store, if there were no other way to make peace with Margaret. He felt that no personal sacrifice would be too great, if by it he could win back his home, and wife and son. The babe had softened his heart. He told himself—oh, so often—"Thou art a father;" and no man could have had a sweeter, stronger sense of the obligations the new relation imposed. He was so sure of himself that he could not help feeling equally sure of Margaret, and also of Peter. "For the child's sake, they will forgive me, Snorro, and I'll do well, yes, I will do well for the future."

Snorro had many fears, but he could not bear to throw cold water on Jan's hopes and plans for reformation. He did not believe that his unconditional surrender would be a good foundation for future happiness. He did not like Jan's taking the whole blame. He did not like his giving up *The Solan* at Margaret's word. Neither Peter Fae nor his daughter were likely to exalt any one who humbled himself.

"It is money in the hand that wins," said Snorro, gloomily,

"and my counsel is, that thou bear thyself bravely, and show her how well *The Solan* hath done already, and how likely she is to clear herself and pay back that weariful £600 before two years have gone away. If she will have it, let her have it. Jan, how could she give thee up for £600! Did she love thee?"

"I do believe she did—and does yet, Snorro."

"Only God, then, understands women. But while thou art away, think well of this and that, and of the things likely to follow, for still I see that forethought spares afterthought and after-sorrow."

With words like these ringing in his ears, Jan again sailed *The Solan* out of Lerwick. He intended to make a coasting voyage only, but he expected delay, for with November had come storm and cold, fierce winds and roaring seas. Edging along from port to port, taking advantage of every tide and favorable breeze, and lying to, when sailing was impossible, six weeks were gone before he reached Kirkwall in the Orkneys. Here he intended to take in his last cargo before steering for home. A boat leaving Kirkwall as he entered, carried the news of *The Solan's* arrival to Lerwick, and then Snorro watched anxiously every tide for Jan's arrival.

But day after day passed and *The Solan* came not. No one but Snorro was uneasy. In the winter, in that tempestuous latitude, boats were often delayed for weeks. They ran from shelter to shelter in constant peril of shipwreck, and with a full cargo a good skipper was bound to be prudent. But Snorro had a presentiment of danger and trouble. He watched night after night for Jan, until even his strength gave way, and he fell into a deep sleep. He was awakened by Jan's voice. In a moment he opened the door and let him in.

Alas! Alas, poor Jan! It was sorrow upon sorrow for him. *The Solan* had been driven upon the Quarr rocks, and she was a total wreck. Nothing had been saved but Jan's life, even that barely. He had been so bruised and injured he was compelled to rest in the solitary hut of a coast-guardsman many days. He gave the facts to Snorro in an apathy. The man was ship-wrecked as well as the boat. It was not only that he had lost everything, that he had not a penny left in the world, he had lost hope, lost all faith in himself, lost even the will to fight his ill fortune any longer.

CHAPTER VI.—MARGARET'S HEART.

Jan, the sole survivor of *The Solan*, had brought the news of his own misfortune, but there was no necessity to hasten its publication. Nothing could be gained by telling it at once, and no one could be helped, so Snorro advised him to sleep all the following day. Jan hardly needed the advice. In a few minutes he sank into a dreamless, lethargic sleep, which lasted nearly twenty-four hours. When he awoke from it, he said, "I will see Tulloch, and then I will sleep again, Snorro."

"Let me go for thee."

"Nay, then he will think that I am a coward. I must tell my own tale; he can but be angry."

But Tulloch took his loss with composure. "Thou did the best that could be done, Jan," he answered, when Jan had told the story of the shipwreck; "wind and wave are not at thy order."

"Thou wilt say that for me? It is all I ask. I did my best, Tulloch."

"I will say it; and in the spring I will see about another boat. I am not afraid to trust thee."

Jan looked at him gratefully, but the hope was too far off to give much present comfort to him. He walked slowly back to the retreat Snorro had made for him, wondering how he was to get the winter over, wondering if Margaret would see him, wondering how best to gain her forgiveness, longing to see her face but not daring to approach her without some preparation for the meeting. For though she had come back to life, it had been very slowly. Snorro said that she never left the house, that she was still wan and weak, and that on the rare occasions when he had been sent to Peter's house, she had not spoken to him.

After his interview with Tulloch, he fell into a sound sleep again. When he awoke the day was well begun, and Peter was at the store. Looking through the cracks in the rude flooring, he could see him carefully counting his cash, and comparing his balance. Snorro, for a wonder, was quite idle, and Peter finally looked at him, and said fretfully:

"There is this and that to do. What art thou standing still for?"

"A man may stand still sometimes. I feel not like work to-day."

"Art thou sick, then?"

"Who can tell? It may be sickness."

He stood thoughtfully by the big fire and moved not. Peter went on with his figures in a fidgety way. Presently Tulloch entered. The banker's visits were rare ones, and Peter was

already suspicious of them. But he laid down his pen, and with scrupulous civility said, "Good morning to thee, Tulloch—Deacon Tulloch, I should say. Wilt thou buy or sell aught this morning?"

"Good morning, Fae. I came to thee for news. Where is thy son Jan staying?"

Peter's face darkened. "I know nothing at all about Jan Vedder. If he is at sea he is out of thy world; if he is in harbour, he will be at Ragon Torr's, or on board *The Solan*."

"*The Solan* hath gone to pieces on the Quarr Rocks."

Just for a moment a thrill of sinful triumph made Peter's brown face turn scarlet, but he checked it instantly. "I heard not that," he said gravely.

"Only Jan escaped—the ship and crew went to the bottom."

Peter shut his mouth tight, he was afraid to trust himself to speak.

"But Jan did his very best, no man could have done more. I saw him last night. He is ill and broken down by his trouble. Put out thy hand to him. Thou do that, and it will be a good thing, Fae."

"Thou mind thy own affairs, Deacon Tulloch."

"Well, then, it is my affair to tell thee, that there is a time for anger and a time for forgiveness. If Jan is to be saved, his wife can now do it. At this hour he is sick and sore-hearted, and she can win him back, she can save him now, Fae."

"Shall I lose my child to save Jan Vedder? What is it to thee? What can thou know of a father's duty? Thou, who never had a child. Deacon thou may be, but thou art no Dominie, and I will order my household without thy word, thus or so. Yes, indeed, I will!"

"Just that, Fae. I have spoken for a good man. And let me tell thee, if Margaret Vedder is thy daughter, she is also Jan's wife; and if I were Jan, I would make her do a wife's duty. If all the women in Shetland were to run back to their fathers for a little thing that offended them, there would be an end of marrying."

Peter laughed scornfully. "Every one knows what well-behaved wives old bachelors have."

"Better to be a bachelor, than have a wife like poor Jan Vedder has."

"Thou art talking of my daughter. Wilt thou mind thy own affairs?"

"I meant well, Fae. I meant well. Both thee and I have much need of Heaven's mercy. It will be a good thing for us to be merciful. I am willing to help and trust Jan again. Thou do so too. Now I will say 'good morning,' for I see that thou art angry at me."

Peter was angry, intensely angry. Under the guise of

Christian charity, Tulloch had come into his store and insulted him. Peter would believe in no other motive.

Very soon there was a little crowd in Fae's store. It was a cold, blustering day, and its warmth and company made it a favourite lounging-place. Jan's misfortune was the sole topic of conversation, and Jan's absence was unfavourably criticised. Why did he not come among his fellows and tell them how it had happened? Here were good men and a good ship gone to the bottom, and he had not a word to say of the matter. They were all curious about the wreck, and would have liked to pass the long stormy day in talking it over. As it was they had only conjectures. No one but Tulloch had seen Jan. They wondered where he was.

"At Torr's doubtless," said Peter, harshly.

"It is likely. Jan ever flew to the brandy keg for comfort."

"It is like he had been there before he steered for the Quarr Rocks."

"It did not need brandy. He was ever careless."

"He was foolhardy more than careless."

"I never thought that he knew the currents and the coast, as a man should know it who has life and goods to carry safe."

He had best be with his crew; every man of it was a better man than he is."

Snorro let them talk and wonder. He would not tell them where Jan was. One group succeeded another, and hour after hour Snorro stood listening to their conversation, with shut lips and blazing eyes. Peter looked at him with increasing irritability.

He was burning and smarting at Tulloch's interference. He left unusually early, and then Snorro closed the doors, and built up the fire, and made some tea, and broiled mutton and bloaters and set his few dishes on the box which served him for a table. Jan had slept heavily all day, but when Snorro brought the candle near, he opened his eyes and said, "I am hungry, Snorro."

"I am come to tell thee there is tea and meat waiting. All is closed, and we can eat and talk, and no one will trouble us."

A Shetlander loves his tea, and it pleased Snorro to see how eagerly Jan drank cup after cup. And soon his face began to lose its weary, indifferent look, and he ate with keen relish the simple food before him. In an hour Jan was nearly like himself once more. Then he remembered Margaret. In the extremity of his physical weakness and weariness, he had forgotten everything in sleep, but now the delay troubled him. "I ought to have seen my wife to-day, Snorro; why did thou let me sleep?"

"Sleep was the first thing, and now we will see to thy clothes. They must be mended, Jan."

Jan looked down at the suit he wore. It was torn and shabby and weather-stained, and it was all he had. But Snorro was as clever as any woman with the needle and thread. The poor fellow, indeed, had never had any woman friend to use a needle for him, and he soon darned, and patched, and washed clean what the winds and waves had left of Jan's once handsome suit of blue.

As he worked they talked of the best means of securing an interview with Margaret, for Jan readily guessed that Peter would forbid it, and it was finally decided that Snorro should take her a letter, as soon as Peter was at the store next day. There was a little cave by the seaside half way between the town and Peter's house, and there Jan was to wait for Snorro's report.

In the meantime Peter had reached his home. In these days it was a very quiet, sombre place. Thora was in ill health, in much worse health than any one but herself suspected, and Margaret was very unhappy. This evening Thora had gone early to bed, and Margaret sat with her baby in her arms. When her father entered she laid him in the cradle. Peter did not like to have it in any way forced upon his notice, and Margaret understood well enough that the child was only tolerated for her sake. So, without any of those little fond obtrusive ways so natural to a young mother, she put the child out of the way, and sat down to serve her father's tea.

His face was dark and angry, his heart felt hard to her at that hour. She had brought so much sorrow and shame on him. She had been the occasion of so many words and acts of which he was ashamed. For some time he did not speak, and she was too much occupied with her own thoughts to ask him any questions. At length he snapped out, "Jan Vedder came back to Lerwick yesterday."

"Yesterday?"

"I said yesterday. Did thou think he would run here to see thee the first moment? Not he. He was at Tulloch's last night. He will have been at Torr's all day, no doubt."

Margaret's eyes filled with tears, and Peter looked angrily at her.

"Art thou crying again? Now listen, thou art not like to see him at all. He has thrown thy £600 to the bottom of the sea—ship, cargo, and crew, all gone.

Jan? Father, is Jan safe?"

"He is safe enough. Now, if he does come to see thee thou shalt not speak with him. That is my command to thee."

Margaret answered not, but there was a look upon her face, which he understood to mean rebellion.

"Bring me the Bible here." Then as he turned to the place he wanted, he said: "Now, Margaret, if thou art thinking to

disobey thy father, I want thee to hear in what kind of company thou wilt do so;" and he slowly read aloud:

"'Backbiters—haters of God—despiteful—proud—boasters—inventors of evil things—disobedient to parents;' dost thou hear Margaret? 'disobedient to parents—without natural affection—implacable—unmerciful.'"

"Let me see him once, father! Let me see him for half an hour."

Not for one moment. Disobey me if thou dares."

"He is my husband."

"I am thy father. Thy obligation to me began with thy birth, twenty years before thou saw Jan Vedder. The tie of thy obedience is for life, unless thou wilt take the risk of disobeying thy God Very well, then, I say to thee, thou shalt not speak to Jan Vedder again, until he has proved himself worthy to have the care of a good woman. That is all I say, but mind it! If thou disobey me, I will never speak to thee again. I will send thee and thy child from my sight, I will leave every penny I have to my two nephews, Magnus and Thorkel. That is enough. Where is thy mother?"

"She is in pain, and has gone to bed."

"It is a sick house, I think. First, thou wert like to die, and ever since thy mother hath been ill; that also is Jan Vedder's doing, since thou must needs fret thyself into a fever for him." Then he took his candle and went to his sick wife, for he thought it best not to weaken his commands by any discussion concerning them.

Margaret did what most mothers would have done, she lifted her child for consolation. It was a beautiful child, and she loved it with an idolatrous affection. It had already taught her some lessons strange enough to Margaret Vedder. For its sake she had become conciliating, humble, patient; had repressed her feelings of mother-pride, and for the future good of her boy, kept him in a corner as it were. Ah, if she had only been half as unselfish with Jan! Only half as prudent for Jan's welfare!

She lifted the boy and held him to her breast. As she watched him, her face grew lovely. "My child!" she whispered, "for thee I can thole everything. For thy sake, I will be patient. Nothing shall tempt me to spoil thy life. Thou shalt be rich, little one, and some day thee and I will be happy together. Thy father robbed thee, but I will not injure thee; no, indeed, I will not!"

So, after all, Jan's child was to be the barrier between him and his wife. If Jan had chosen to go back to the class from which she had taken him, she would at least save her child from the suffering and contempt of poverty. What she would have done for his father, she would do for him. Yes, that night

she fully determined to stand by her son. It might be a pleasure for her to see Jan, and even to be reconciled to him, but she would not sacrifice her child's inheritance for her own gratification. She really thought she was consummating a grand act of self-denial, and wept a few pitiful tears over her own hard lot.

In the morning Peter was unusually kind to her. He noticed the baby, and even allowed her to lay it in his arms while she brought him his seal-skin cloak and woollen mufflers. It was a dangerous advance for Peter; he felt his heart strangely moved by the sleeping child, and he could not avoid kissing him as he gave him back to his mother. Margaret smiled at her father in her deep joy, and said softly to him, "Now thou hast kissed me twice." Nothing that Peter could have done would have so bound her to him. He had sealed his command with that kiss, and though no word of promise was given him he went to his store comparatively light-hearted; he was certain his daughter would not disobey him.

While this scene was transpiring, one far more pathetic was taking place in Snorro's room. Jan's clothes had been washed and mended, and he was dressing himself with an anxious desire to look well in his wife's eyes that was almost pitiful. Snorro sat watching him. Two women could hardly have been more interested in a toilet, or tried harder to make most of poor and small materials. Then Jan left his letter to Margaret with Snorro, and went to the cave agreed upon, to await the answer.

Very soon after Peter reached the store, Snorro left it. Peter saw him go, and he suspected his errand, but he knew the question had to be met and settled, and he felt almost sure of Margaret that morning. At any rate she would have to decide, and the sooner the better. Margaret saw Snorro coming, but she never associated the visit with Jan. She thought her father had forgotten something and sent Snorro for it. So when he knocked, she said instantly, "Come in, Michael Snorro."

The first thing Snorro saw was the child. He went straight to the cradle and looked at it. Then he kneeled down, gently lifted the small hand outside the coverlet, and kissed it. When he rose up, his face was so full of love and delight that Margaret almost forgave him everything. "How beautiful he is," he whispered, looking back at the sleeping babe.

Margaret smiled; she was well pleased at Snorro's genuine admiration.

"And he is so like Jan—only Jan is still more beautiful."

Margaret did not answer him.

With an imploring gesture he offered her Jan's letter.

She took it in her hand and turned it over, and over, and over. Then, with a troubled face, she handed it back to Snorro.

"No, no, no, read it! Oh, do thou read it! Jan begs thee to read it! No, no, I will not take it back!"

"I dare not read it, Snorro. It is too late—too late. Tell Jan he must not come here. It will make more sorrow for me. If he loves me at all, he will not come. He is not kind to force me to say these words. Tell him I will not, dare not, see him!"

"It is thou that art unkind. He has been shipwrecked, Margaret Vedder; bruised and cut, and nearly tossed to death by the waves. He is broken-hearted about thee. He loves thee, oh, as no woman ever deserved to be loved. He is thy husband. Thou wilt see him, oh yes, thou wilt see him!"

I will not see him, Snorro. My father hath forbid me. If I see Jan, he will turn me and the child from the house."

"Let him. Go to thy husband and thy own home."

"My husband hath no home for me."

"For thou pulled it to pieces."

"Go away, Snorro, lest worse words come. I will not sacrifice that little innocent babe for Jan."

"It is Jan's son—thou art ruining Jan—"

"Now wilt thou go, Michael Snorro, and tell Jan that I say what my father says: when he is worthy of me I will come to him."

"I will go, but I will tell thee first, that Jan will be worthy of thee long before thou art worthy of him." Then, ere Margaret could prevent him, he walked to the cradle, lifted the child, and kissed it again and again, saying between each kiss, "That is for thy father, little one."

The child was crying when he laid it down, and Margaret again angrily ordered him to leave the house. Before she soothed it to peace, Snorro was nearly out of sight. Then Thora who had heard the dispute, rose from her bed and came into the room. She looked ill and sad, and asked faintly, "What is this message sent to Jan Vedder? He will not believe it. Look for him here very soon, and be sure what thou doest is right."

"My father told me what to do."

"Yet ask thy heart and thy conscience also. It is so easy for a woman to go wrong, Margaret; it is almost impossible for her to put wrong right. Many a tear shall she wash it out with."

"I have done no wrong to Jan. Dost thou think so?

"When one gets near the grave, Margaret, there is a little light from beyond, and many things are seen not seen before. Oh, be sure that thou art right about Jan! No one can judge for thee. Fear not to do what thy heart says, for at the end right will come right, and wrong will come wrong."

There was a solemn stillness after this conversation. Thora sat bent over beside the fire musing. Margaret, with the feelings which her interview with Snorro had called forth, rested

upon the sofa; she was suffering, and the silence and melancholy of her mother seemed almost a wrong to her. It was almost as if she had taken Jan's part.

A knock at the door startled both women. Thora rose and opened it. It was Jan. "Mother," he said, "I want to see my wife and child."

"Margaret, speak for thyself."

"I dare not see Jan. Tell him so."

Thora repeated the message.

"Ask Margaret if that is her last word to me.

Mechanically Thora asked the question, and after an agonizing pause Margaret gasped out, "Yes, yes—until—"

"Ask her to stand a moment at the window with the child. I long to see them." Then he turned to go to the window, and Thora shut the door. But it was little use repeating Jan's request, Margaret had fainted, and lay like one dead, and Thora forgot everything till life returned to her daughter. Then as the apparent unkindness was irrevocable and unexplainable, she said nothing of it. Why should she add to the sorrow Margaret was suffering?

And as for Jan, the universal opinion was that he ought to suffer. He had forfeited his wife, and his home, and his good name, and he had lost his boat. When a man has calamity the world generally concludes that he must be a very wicked man to deserve them.

THE CROWD AND CHRIST.

BY MISS M. K. A. STONE.

"*But when the people were put forth, He went in.*"—*Matt. 9:25.*

SWORD of the Holy One! drive forth, I pray,
From out my heart, the motley earth-born crowd,
Filling its inner room with tumult loud,—
The hindering crowd that sends the Christ away,
When He, my Lord would enter in to stay.
Amid the people's noise, my life-will, dead,
Unanswering lies, waiting the Master's tread;
But at His word, "Give place," the crowd obey,
And Christ the Life comes in. Lord, make my heart
Empty of self and sin, that Thou mayst fill
The craving void Then on my pulseless will
Lay Thy strong hand, bidding the life-blood start,
And throb responsive to the touch Divine,
In glad obedience to one word of Thine.

—*Sunday-School Times.*

TENNYSON'S TIRESIAS AND OTHER POEMS.*

A NEW volume of poems by the English laureate, now in his seventy-seventh year, is a literary event of no small importance. We eagerly turn to its pages to learn if the wondrous spell which half a century ago charmed the ear of the world still retains its subtle power. While we find not here the deep philosophy of "In Memoriam," nor the impassioned lyrics of "Maud," we do find a precious aftermath to the generous harvest of verse with which the poet has previously enriched mankind. Of the aged bard it seems true that his eye is not dim nor his natural strength abated.

To the noble Arthurian cycle he has added another idyll, which, if it have not the pathos of Elaine or Guinevere, has a beauty and a fascination of its own. We breathe again the air of that early English prime, when 'twas merry in good greenwood, and brave knights and fair dames dwelt in high courtesie in many-towered Camelot. But the shadow of approaching doom is in the air,—a brooding sense of the ruin that is to wreck the world through the sin of the false knight Lancelot and the fair, false Guinevere. The blameless Arthur moves once more among the goodly fellowship of knights and speaks in quaint archaic wise. The gray old castle, "lichen-bearded, grayly draped, the battlement o'ertopped with ivy-tods," is described in Tennyson's best manner. By a strange mischance the brave twin-brother knights wound each other unto death, and die in each other's arms:

> Balin, seeing that true face,
> Familiar up from cradle-time, so wan,
> Crawl'd slowly with low moans to where he lay,
> And on his dying brother cast himself
> Dying; and *he* lifted faint eyes; he felt
> One near him; all at once they found the world,
> Staring wild-wide; then with a child-like wail,
> And drawing down the dim disastrous brow
> That o'er him hung, he kiss'd it, moan'd and spake;
> "O Balin, Balin, I that fain had died

* *Tiresias and other Poems.* By ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON. New York: Macmillan & Co., and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price $1.50.

To save thy life, have brought thee to thy death."
"O brother," answer'd Balin, "woe is me!
My madness all thy life has been thy doom,
Thy curse, and darken'd all thy day; and now
The night has come. I scarce can see thee now.
Good-night! for we shall never bid again
Good-morrow."
Balan answer'd low
"Good-night, true brother, here! good-morrow there!
We two were born together, and we die
Together by one doom:" and while he spoke
Closed his death-drowsing eyes, and slept the sleep
With Balin, either lock'd in either's arm.

Mr. R. W. Boodle, of Montreal, in an admirable review of "Balin and Balan" in the Boston *Transcript*, suggests the ingenious theory, which gives additional interest to the Arthurian cycle, that in the Idylls of the King, Tennyson sets forth in allegory certain religious movements of our own day.

"Thus," he says, "as in the case of Spenser's 'Faerie Queene,' we have, as it were, a double allegory grafted on to the story of Arthur. Just as Duessa in Spenser is at once Falsehood and Mary, Queen of Scots; just as Prince Arthur is at the same time Magnificence and Dudley, Earl of Leicester; so Arthur is Soul at war with Sense, as well as the ideal of Christianity in the midst of a degenerate age."

Tennyson's Irish poem, in dialect form, is a new but very successful experiment. It is very pathetic. Two young lovers part, Danny O'Roon "to cut the Sassenach whate over the say," and Molly Magee to patiently wait his return. For forty long years nothing is heard of Danny, and Molly, grown old and gray, and distraught in her mind, keeps repeating, "Tomorra, tomorra, he will come back."

An' afther her paärints had inter'd glory, an' both in wan day,
She began to spake to herself, the crathur, an' whishper, an' say
"Tomorra, tomorra!" an' Father Molowny he tuk her in han',
"Molly, you're manin'," he says, "me dear, av I undherstan',
That ye'll meet your paärints agin an' yer Danny O'Roon afore God
Wid His blessed Martyrs an' Saints;" an' she gev him a friendly nod,
"Tomorra, tomorra," she says, an' she didn't intind to desave,
But her wits wor dead, an' her hair was as white as the snow an a grave.

At last Danny's body is found in a peat bog, preserved unchanged through all these years. An old man tells the story:

How-an-iver they laid this body they foun' an the grass

Be the chapel-door, an' the people 'ud see it that wint into mass—
But a frish gineration had riz, an' most of the ould was few,
An' I didn't know him meself, an' none of the parish knew.

But Molly kem limpin' up wid her stick, she was lamed iv a knee,
Thin a slip of a gossoon call'd, "Div ye know him, Molly Magee?"
An' she stood up strait as the Queen of the world—she lifted her head—
"He said he would meet me tomorra!" an' dhropt down dead an the dead.

Och, Molly, we thought, machree, ye would start back agin into life,
Whin we laid yez, aich be aich, at yer wake like husban' an' wife.
Sorra the dhry eye thin but was wet for the frinds that was gone!
Sorra the silent throat but we hard it cryin' "Ochone!"

Thin his Riverence buried thim both in wan grave be the dead boor-tree,
The young man Danny O'Roon wid his ould woman, Molly Magee.

Another dialect poem, "The Spinster's Sweet-arts," illustrates Tennyson's strong vein of humour. The spinster thus apostrophises her four cats—all the sweet-arts she will tolerate:

Feyther 'ud saäy I wur hugly as sin, an' I beänt not vaäin,
But I niver wur downright hugly, thaw soom 'ud 'a thowt ma plaäin,
Niver wur pretty, not I, but ye knaw'd it was pleasant to 'ear,
Thaw it warn't not me es wur pretty, but my two 'oonderd a-year. . . .

An' thou was es fond o' thy bairns es I be mysen o' my cats,
But I niver not wish'd fur childer, I hevn't naw likin' fur brats;
Pretty anow when ya dresses 'em oop, an' they goäs fur a walk,
Or sits wi' their 'ands afoor 'em, an' doesn't not 'inder the talk!
But their bottles o' pap, an' their mucky bibs, an' the clats an' the clouts,
An' their mashin' their toys to pieäces an' maäkin' ma deäf wi' their shouts,
An' hallus a-joompin' about ma as if they was set upo' springs,
An' a haxin' ma hawkard questions, an' saäyin ondecent things,
An' a-callin' ma "hugly" mayhap to my faäce, or a teärin' ma gown—
Dear! dear! dear! I mun part them Tommies—Steevie git down. . .

She thus congratulates herself on escaping the possible fate of being a drunkard's wife:

To be horder'd about, an' waäked when Molly 'd put out the light,
By a man comin' in wi' a hiccup at ony hour o' the night!
An' the taäble staäin'd wi' 'is aäle, an' the mud o' 'is boots o' the stairs,
An' the stink o' 'is pipe i' the house, an' the mark o' 'is 'eäd o' the chairs!

An' I sits i' my oän little parlour, an' sarved by my oän little lass,
Wi' my oän little garden outside, an' my oän bed o' sparrow grass.

An' the little gells bobs to ma hoffens es I be abroad i' the laänes,
When I goäs to coomfut the poor es be down wi' their haäches an' ther paäins:
An' a haälf-pot o' jam, or a mossel o' meät when it beänt too dear.
They maäkes ma a graäter Laädy nor 'er i' the mansion theer,
Hes 'es hallus to hax of a man how much to spare or to spend;
An' a spinster I be an' I will be, if soä pleäse God, to the hend.

"Despair," previously printed, is a strongly written poem:

A man and his wife having lost faith in a God, and hope of a life to come, and being utterly miserable in this, resolve to end themselves by drowning. The woman is drowned, but the man rescued by a minister of the sect he had abandoned.

O we poor orphans of nothing—alone on that lonely shore—
Born of the brainless Nature who knew not that which she bore!
Trusting no longer that earthly flower would be heavenly fruit—
Come from the brute, poor souls—no souls—and to die with the brute. . . .

Have I crazed myself over their horrible infidel writings? O yes,
For these are the new dark ages, you see, of the popular press,
When the bat comes out of his cave, and the owls are whooping at noon,
And Doubt is the lord of this dunghill and crows to the sun and the moon. . . .

Ah yet—I have had some glimmer, at times, in my gloomiest woe,
Of a God behind all—after all—the great God for aught that I know.

Although Tennyson has been called the poet of Doubt and panegyrist of War, in some striking lines he repudiates both charges:

You wrong me, passionate little friend. I would that wars should cease,
I would the globe from end to end might sow and reap in peace,
And some new Spirit o'erbear the old, or Trade refrain the Powers
From war with kindly links of gold, or Love with wreaths of flowers.
Slav, Teuton, Kelt, I count them all my friends and brother souls,
With all the peoples, great and small, that wheel between the poles. . . .
And who loves War for War's own sake is fool, or crazed, or worse;
But let the patriot-soldier take his meed of fame in verse. . . .
And tho', in this lean age forlorn, too many a voice may cry
That man can have no after-morn, not yet of these am I.
The man remains, and whatsoe'er he wrought of good or brave
Will mould him thro' the cycle-year that dawns behind the grave.

This is a striking epitaph on General Gordon:

Warrior of God, man's friend, not laid below,
But somewhere dead far in the waste Soudan,

Thou livest in all hearts, for all men know
This earth has borne no simpler, nobler man.

In the following vigorous lines the laureate stirs our pulses as he sings the glories of a United Empire:—

To all the loyal hearts who long
To keep our English Empire whole!
To all our noble sons, the strong
New England of the Southern Pole!
To England under Indian skies,
To those dark millions of her realm!
To Canada whom we love and prize,
Whatever statesman hold the helm.
Hands all round!
God the traitor's hope confound!
To this great name of England drink, my friends,
And all her glorious empire, round and round.

In the beautiful poem on the marriage of the Princess Beatrice, he uses with fine effect a striking astronomical figure:

Two Suns of Love make day of human life,
Which else with all its pains, and griefs, and deaths,
Were utter darkness—one, the Sun of dawn
That brightens thro' the Mother's tender eyes,
And warms the child's awakening world—and one
The later-rising Sun of spousal Love,
Which from her household orbit draws the child
To move in other spheres. The Mother weeps
At that white funeral of the single life,
Her maiden daughter's marriage; and her tears
Are half of pleasure, half of pain—the child
Is happy—ev'n in leaving *her!* but Thou,
True daughter, whose all-faithful, filial eyes
Have seen the loneliness of earthly thrones,
Wilt neither quit the widow'd Crown, nor let
This later light of Love have risen in vain,
But moving thro' the Mother's home, between
The two that love thee, lead a summer life,
Sway'd by each Love, and saying to each Love,
Like some conjectured planet in mid heaven
Between two Suns, and drawing down from both
The light and genial warmth of double day.

"The Wreck," a tragical story of sin and shame and sorrow, with its stern lesson, "The wages of sin is death," abounds in vigorous lines.

"The Flight" is a tale of quieter pathos. It records the revolt from an enforced and loveless marriage:

Shall I take *him?* I kneel with *him?* I swear and swear forsworn
To love him most, whom most I loathe, to honour whom I scorn?
The Fiend would yell, the grave would yawn, my mother's ghost would rise—
To lie, to lie—in God's own house—the blackest of all lies!

Tiresias is perhaps the noblest poem in the volume. It is exquisitely finished and breathes the fine classical spirit of his Ulysses and Œnone.

But we have quoted enough to show that this volume is a contribution of rare value to our poetical literature and to the poet's fame.

THE AISLES OF PAIN.

THE temple of God is fair and high,
Its altar builded of hope and sigh;
To heaven its corridors lead the way,
And ere we reach them we must pray
In the aisles of pain.

To the stars uprise its spires of gold
From the mists of the ages dark and old,
When the heads of kings in the dust bowed down
And yielded scepter and yielded crown
In the aisles of pain.

And we who pass through the lonely night
From the depths of gloom to the walk of light,
Must kneel in the dust as lowly down,
And give up pleasure honour's crown
In the aisles of pain.

The aisles of pain are darkened with tears,
And stained with the blood of cruel years,
And the shiver and moan of crime and death
Go up to God with each throbbing breast
From the aisles of pain.

The martyrs walked in the olden days,
With bleeding feet through the narrow ways,
And we who follow must wait as they,
For the hand of Christ to lead the way
Through the aisles of pain.

—*Christian Union.*

THE PREMILLENARIAN THEORY, OR CHILIASM.

BY THE REV. JOHN LAING, D.D.

I.

THE doctrine that our Lord may at any hour return to earth again and establish a kingdom in the land of Canaan, with Jerusalem as its capital, and reign there over Israel for a thousand years, is the chief feature of the theory which I propose to examine. Attention to this subject is now given by many earnest readers of the Bible in Canada, and not a few of those who are engaged in evangelistic and revival work among us regard the theory with more or less favour. I may therefore at times refer to writings which have lately been put in circulation in our own country. Still it is with arguments, not with men, that I propose to deal. Among the supporters of the theory there are wide differences of opinion as to details. This makes it not an easy thing to meet every argument which may be presented, and an impossible as well as a futile thing to examine all the passages adduced in support of the theory. We must be satisfied with an examination of the principles of interpretation on which the theory rests and of its leading features, nor is more necessary; for according as a man's principles of interpretation and definitions are, so will his conclusions be. It is a comparatively easy thing to quote and combine passages in support of any view which we have adopted, whether that be in favour of or against a coming before the millennium. Too many treat this doctrine as comparatively unimportant. Not so our Chiliast friends. And if their views are Scriptural they are right. If our Lord may come at any moment to take His Church away to heaven, if even before this paper can be printed the Holy Spirit's work of grace may have ended, and the "great day of the Lord" may have begun, surely the firm belief of this uncertainty must affect greatly plans for evangelizing the world and check many hopes cherished by the greater number of Christians.

The way in which Chiliasts commonly approach the subject is by assuming that the characteristic of these last days in which we live is "incurable wickedness;" that after a trial of eighteen hundred years it is evident that the preaching of the Gospel is not to effect the conversion of the world; that the Church under the dispensation of the Spirit cannot achieve universal victory; and that nothing but the personal bodily presence of the Lord can establish the kingdom of God. This being assumed, passages are quoted and forced into combinations so as to prove that the Bible teaches this.

This assumption, however, is questioned. I am not inclined to take any such pessimistic view. As I read Scripture, Jesus Christ *is* King. (Matt. xxviii. 18). He reigns now and will reign until every enemy is put under His feet, then He will deliver up the *kingdom* to His Father (1 Cor. xv.

24, 25). The gift of the Holy Spirit is the gift of our ascended King; by Him the work of making "the kingdoms of this world the kingdom of our Lord and His Christ" is to be accomplished. Further, I read that in Abraham's seed "all the families of the earth shall be blessed;" that seed is Christ and the Christians of the present age (Gal. iii. 7, 16, 29), and thus through Christ and His Church the blessing of Abraham is to reach "all the families of the earth." Nor does the delay of the fulfilment of the promise occasion doubt or unbelief. Owing to man's corruption and Christians' indifference the struggle is extending through centuries. But the issue is certain; there is no doubt that "the kingdom is coming" even now in power. The rapid progress which has marked the last fifty years alike in missionary enterprise and success is full of hope; while the great advance in intelligent, earnest religion and morality in what is known as Christendom affords good ground for expecting much greater things in the immediate future. Never in the history of the race was so large a portion of it blessed in Christ as in this year of grace 1886; never did the Church and world enjoy a measure of blessing as full as now. The bold, defiant aspect of wickedness in this age; the still remaining misery, so grievous and saddening even in Christian lands, are frankly admitted.

But in full view of all these I challenge any Chiliast to specify the year, the age, or the era, not excepting the time of the apostles, when the human race as a whole was blessed in Christ as much as it is to-day; or the nations which professed Christianity were as enlightened, moral, and earnest in the work of the Lord. This pessimistic theory I reject as alike untrue to facts, dishonouring to God through unbelief, contradictory to His promises, and opposed to a sound philosophy. Boldly I avow my faith in God and expect that through the Gospel of His grace the exalted Christ will, by His Spirit, reign among and over men "until every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that He is Lord to the glory of God the Father" (Phil. ii. 10, 11). There is no need of the bodily presence of Christ to accomplish what God has promised. Nay, rather I believe (John xvi. 7, and xiv. 12) that more is accomplished by His bodily absence and spiritual presence.

Then there is a quiet *pre*sumption on the part of our Chiliast friends which serves with many as an argument in support of the theory. How is it possible, some ask, for men who are so good, earnest, and devoted, and so thoroughly acquainted with their Bible, to be mistaken? Thus it is presumed that others who do not take the same view are not as pious, earnest, sincere, and not as well acquainted with God's Word as are the Chiliasts. There can be no objection to giving the preference to Chiliasts, if men choose. But when that presumed excellence and superiority on the part of the advocates of the theory are made an argument in support of it, there is ground for objection. Now this is done when Chiliast writers tell us, for example, that "I continued to teach the truths I had learned from the Spirit concerning the Lord. The Holy Spirit was discerned revealing to us Jesus, etc. The thought flashed into my mind. . . . . I have that truth fastened in my mind by the Holy Spirit from that day to this." This claim is virtually one of inspiration or special revelation. Now, if others are too modest and

reverent to put forth a counter-claim of like character, it does not follow that they have been less earnest or sincere in seeking for the truth and following the guidance of God's Spirit. It is scarcely the right thing—scarcely Christ-like—for Chiliasts to commend their theory by patronizingly speaking of their "beloved brethren," as "misguided having the understanding darkened—in a density of darkness and a profundity of ignorance that is truly marvellous, deluded, blinded to the truth." It is strange that in language so devoid of modesty and charity when applied to those who oppose the theory, and in such claims to special revelation, any intelligent Christian should find an argument in favour of Chiliasm. Yet that such is the case is only too evident when the superior piety and insight into the will of God arrogated by some Chiliasts, is urged as a reason for believing that they cannot be wrong as against the ordinary Christian that opposes them.

Once more. Our Chiliast friends use a misrepresentation by way of argument. They represent the early Church as holding their views. If that were true, why should those views have been known as a "heresy" in the Church? They quote isolated passages from eminent men as favouring the views they hold, while either other passages from the same writers can be brought to show these were not their views; or the particular passages are susceptible of another interpretation. Some passages thus quoted may be honestly held by a man who is most decidedly anti-millenarian. I am far from saying that Chiliasts purposely and wittingly misrepresent. But their historical *resumes* leave what to me seems to be a most unfair impression as to the weight of authority on the two sides.

Leaving then the assumption that the world is so hopelessly wicked that the Gospel and the Holy Spirit cannot establish the kingdom of heaven among men, but have failed; the presumption that Chiliasts are more pious and have clearer insight by special revelation into Divine truth than other Christians; and the misrepresentation that the weight of authority in the past and present is in favour of Chiliast views—leaving these out of view, I shall proceed to examine in the light of Scripture the chief features of the theory. Not to human opinions or authorities, but to God's Word and to it alone I appeal—"To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them."

To prevent any mistake as to the matter at issue I premise that I do not differ from the Chiliast brethren on three points:

1. Jesus shall return to this earth in His glorified body.

2. This return of the Lord is "the blessed Hope" for which Christians look and wait, as it will bring them the completion of redemption and eternal glory.

3. This hope has for all who cherish it a comforting and sanctifying power.

It is only when Chiliasts proceed to give us peculiar views, which they profess to have received from the Holy Spirit by a kind of special revelation, that we are forced to oppose them. When these peculiar views are weighed by us they are found wanting; and not in ignorance but in faithfulness it becomes necessary to frankly avow our disagreement; and, further, to assert

that any supposed sanctifying effect that follows what are misconceptions and may be dangerous errors, must be a delusion.

The first point to which attention may be directed is the so-called "imminence of the coming." By this is meant, "that it is liable to occur at any moment; without any intervening object that could destroy its power on the human heart as an object of hope." Or, again, "He might at any moment appear." Perhaps the term "imminence" is as good a word as could be chosen to "cover ignorance." Dr. Pitzer well says: "The time of His coming is so entirely unknown and uncertain, that for aught that any mortal knows to the contrary, it may occur at any moment." Exactly so. We are ignorant, and know nothing whatever about the time and so we must needs hide our ignorance by saying "the coming is imminent." God, however, knows the time, to Him it is not uncertain. The coming will not be one hour sooner or later than He has appointed. As for us, we only know our ignorance, we are conscious of uncertainty. But that uncertainty is purely subjective, it belongs to us, not to the event. The event is determined, fixed, certain; and it is a strange fallacy to attribute to an event in the future what belongs to man and is the result of mortal short-sightedness. "Imminence," in the sense of uncertainty, should not be predicated of the coming. Ignorance and uncertainty on the part of man is what is really intended; not nearness of the event.

It is often alleged that the apostles and early Christians thought that the Lord might return at any hour, and were continually expecting Him. There may have been some Chiliasts in those primitive times. If so, the event has shown that they were wrong in the opinion that the coming was so very near that they would not die but would witness the Lord's return. Eighteen hundred years are past and still He comes not, and for aught any Chiliast or other man knows, other eighteen hundred years may pass before He comes. But I call in question the assertion so far as it refers to the apostles. They were inspired teachers, and they had no idea that Christ might come any day. Paul knew by revelation (Acts xxiii. 11) that He should be taken to Rome, and expected after that to visit Spain (Rom. xv. 24, 26), so that beyond question he could not have expected the Lord every hour. He speaks of looking for death (2 Tim. iv. 6; 2 Cor. v. 8), not for Christ's appearing. Our Lord foretold the death of Peter (John xxi. 19) and Peter spoke of his own decease (2 Peter i. 14) as expected. John also took pains (John xxi. 23) to correct a false impression that had got abroad among the disciples that he should not die before Christ should come. How is it possible in view of these passages, written many years after Christ's ascension, to say that the apostles thought Christ might come any day and that they might not see death? They certainly did not hold the Chiliast notion of the imminence of the coming. They expected to die, not to be "caught up."

Again, much is made of "watching for the Lord," or, for His coming; and an argument is drawn from this phrase thus: why should a man watch for an event that is a thousand years distant? If, then, men are to "watch for" the Lord, He must be close at hand—*i.e.*, His coming must be imminent. I agree that it is folly to tell a man to watch for an event that is

not to take place before he dies. But the folly is the Chiliast's, it is not found in Scripture. Nowhere in the Bible are we told to watch for the coming of the Lord. Is it possible that these earnest, pious Bible-students have made a mistake in this matter? I believe it is a mistake on their part, not a wilful perversion of Scripture teaching; but it is most important to put them and all inquirers right on this point. Now, on an exhaustive examination of the passages bearing on the point it will be found that,

(1) When the coming or the appearing is spoken of as an object of hope, the verb used is invariably to "*wait*," not to "watch." The verb "watch" is never used as a transitive verb having an object, except where it is the English rendering of Greek verbs meaning "to keep guard" (Luke ii. 8), or to "observe carefully" (Matt. xxvii. 36, 54; and Mark iii. 2; Luke vi. 7; xiv. 1; xx. 20; Acts ix. 24). Three other Greek verbs are translated "watch," viz., *γρηγορειν*, *ἀγρυπνειν*, *νηφειν*. The first of these means "to keep awake," to be waking as opposed to sleeping; to be active and alive to duty. The second means to "keep awake, to be on the alert." Both of these verbs are intransitive; neither of them ever has an object, nor can they mean "watch for." The third word *νηφειν* means to "be abstemious, sober," and being neuter, cannot have an object or mean "watch for." Where, then, can a solitary text be found in support of the Chiliast's "watching for the Lord?"

(2) Eight Greek words are rendered by the English word "wait." One of these is invariably used when "the hope," "the appearing," "the coming," "the Lord Himself" are spoken of (Rom. viii. 19, 23, 25; 1 Cor. i. 7; Gal. v. 5; 1 Thess. i. 10; Phil. iii. 20; Titus ii. 13; James v. 7.) But "to wait for" is not to "watch for;" it means to exercise patience in well-doing until the person or event expected comes. While these Chiliasts tell us to be every day on the look out, watching for the Lord every minute, looking hourly for the coming, the Bible tells us to wait patiently till He comes; meanwhile keeping awake, on the alert, active in duty as faithful servants in their lord's absence. In the light of these passages, which any reader can verify for himself, what becomes of the argument for "imminence" which is drawn from the "attitude of expectancy," of "watching for" the coming. There is no exhortation to do this, and there can be no argument from the exhortation.

Another thought regarding "imminence." Chiliasts differ as to the interpretation of 2 Thess. ii. It is however, generally held by them that the destruction of "the Man of Sin" is synchronous with the "coming." He is to be "destroyed by the epiphany of the presence." The "Lawless One" must therefore be revealed before the epiphany. But this revelation of the Man of Sin is to be after the apostasy; and he is to sit in the temple of God. This is generally regarded as teaching the rebuilding of the temple in Jerusalem, and this must take place before the Man of Sin can sit there. How, then, can the "brightness of the coming" take place *to-day*, before the temple has been rebuilt or the Man of Sin has taken his seat there? It matters not how rapidly events may hasten on, it is certain that to-day the temple is not rebuilt, the Man of Sin is not sitting there; and if

his destruction is to be synchronous with the coming, there can be no "coming" to-day. It is a marvel how any Chiliast can say, "Christ may come this hour," and in the next breath tell you "He will then destroy the Man of Sin in the temple at Jerusalem," while he knows there is *at this hour* neither temple nor Man of Sin. What can "imminence" mean, if the coming must be delayed till the temple is rebuilt and the Man of Sin revealed? And how can an honest Chiliast be "watching for" what he says cannot take place until the Man of Sin is sitting in the temple? By "imminence" cannot be meant "liable to happen this moment."

The above view of 2 Thess. ii. is not that which approves itself to me; but, on their own showing, Chiliasts who hold that view cannot honestly be watching hourly for the Lord.

Next let us look at the nature of "the coming"—*παρουσία*. The word means "presence," and in a secondary sense may be used to express the coming which begins the presence, as well as the continuing present. The Parousia therefore may mean a lengthened period of Christ's presence. But whether that period begins with a bodily coming, or with a spiritual coming; whether the presence during the period is a bodily presence of the Lord, or a spiritual presence in the Holy Ghost; whether the period extends from the alleged bodily advent until the resurrection of the rest of the dead, as Chiliasts hold, or from the day of Pentecost until the resurrection of the dead and the general judgment, as commonly held, must be decided by other considerations than the meaning of the word.

To decide this, then, we are told that the word elsewhere is used "to denote a bodily, literal, and personal coming," or presence, and "that the Lawless One is to be destroyed by the appearing of Christ's personal presence"—hence it is inferred that a *bodily* presence alone can be meant by Parousia. Here is another mistake, not only unsupported by Scripture, but opposed to it. "Parousia" does not always mean a bodily presence; and a spiritual presence is a personal presence as truly as a bodily presence. If there is any truth inculcated forcibly by Jesus it is that, although He is now absent in body, He is still present with His people by the Holy Spirit; the Spirit of Christ dwells in us, and if any man has not the Spirit of Christ he is none of His. He abides in the believer; He is with His people always unto the end of the world. We do not need the bodily presence of Christ in order to apprehend Him "whom having not seen, ye love." But even the very word, *παρων*, occurs (1 Cor. v. 3), where Paul says "absent in body but present in spirit (see also Col. ii. 5.) If, then, the apostle could, while absent in body, still be present, much more may the "Parousia" of Christ be with His Church while His body is in heaven.

Further, in such passages as Rev. ii. 5; iii. 3, a bodily coming of Christ cannot be intended; and in Matt. xvi. 28, the coming was not bodily. But we need not go further; there are, beyond question, "comings" of the Lord which are not bodily, and we must decide regarding each particular coming which is promised, for judgment or for mercy, whether the Spirit of God means thereby a bodily coming, as the first and second advents; or a spiritual coming, as in the Holy Ghost; or a providential coming, as in the destruction of Jerusalem; or to an Asian Church. Common sense

must be used to distinguish things that differ. Nor may we say that now Christ's bodily presence is with us "*in faith*, being apprehended through the senses;" for this is a contradiction in terms. The Parousia of Christ by the Holy Spirit, from the day of Pentecost until the restitution of all things, terminated by His appearance at the end of the age, is, to say the least, as scriptural an idea as a bodily presence in or over Jerusalem, begun by an invisible advent and terminated by a third manifestation at the close of a millennium of worldly dominion. Which is the correct view may hereafter appear.

To a third point I now invite attention. Shall the advent of Christ, in His glorified body, be before or after the millennium? To answer this question we must inquire first, what is the millenium? The word means a period of a thousand years. It does not occur in Scripture, but in Rev. xx. it is said (verses 2, 3, 4,) that Satan was bound for a thousand years, and was loosed again when they were fulfilled; that "they lived and reigned for a thousand years," etc. This is the source of the idea of a millennium. Chiliasts say that this means, that for a thousand years Christ shall reign in bodily presence over living men on the earth. Others hold that it means the ascendency of Christ over all nations of living men, under present conditions, for a long period, symbolized by the complete number 1000. "The kingdoms of this world will then be the kingdom of God and of His Christ," and all men shall be subject to Christ's rule. Chiliasts look for a physical dominion, such as David's, supported through natural agencies, and administered in a carnal manner. Others expect a spiritual dominion, exercised through moral agencies, and controlling men through their moral and spiritual nature. Chiliasts hold to a kingdom which "is of this world;" others say Christ's kingdom is not of this world, but consists in the prevalence of truth, righteousness, love, controlling men—the reign of holiness in peace and righteousness under Jesus.

I have said that Revelation xx. is the only passage which gives us a millennium. Take it away, and there is no longer "a thousand years" of reigning. This, however, is not denying that after one has the idea, it may be read into Isaiah, Zechariah, Daniel, etc. We know how deftly passages gathered from many parts of the Bible may be woven together, and made to fit in, either naturally or by a little or much straining and trimming. Now, let us ascertain exactly what Revelation xx. teaches. It is a vision, not a prediction; it cannot be taken literally, for a literal chain cannot bind a spirit; it is not history, but prophecy, and as such it should be interpreted. As chapter xix. gives us the fate of the beast and the false prophet, cast into the lake of fire, so chapter xx. gives us the fate of Satan and of death and hell; but surely no one understands these symbolic pictures as if they were literal history. What, then, is said in this passage (ver. 4) "They lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years?" Not a word about Christ coming in the body to reign, but certain souls of men who had been beheaded, etc., lived and reigned. Not a word about bodies of men or the body of Christ; not a word about the place in which they reigned. On this slimmest of foundations, however, is built the magnificent

imagination of a bodily presence of Christ, and of saints in resurrection bodies, reigning over living nations. Get these ideas where Chiliasts may, they are not to be found in Revelation xx.. The millennium of Chiliasts is gathered from many widely-separated passages ; it is a Mosaic of man's making, not of divine revelation ; a strange unwarranted jumble of the spiritual and natural, of the temporal and eternal. No wonder that when an attempt is made to sketch the details of the reign on earth, Chiliasts cannot agree among themselves. Not a gleam of Bible light relieves the darkness or helps their guessing.

The Higher Life.

IN SPIRIT AND IN TRUTH.

GOD asks the heart : how vain to bring
The idle homage of the knee !
How vain the incense cloud to fling,
Or chant an unfelt liturgy !

The life of Christ within the soul,
The love of what is kind and right,
This is religion's sum and whole,
This is true worship in His sight.

To help to cheer the weary heart,
To dry the mourner's bitter tear,
This is thy duty's larger part,
This to thy God shall make thee dear.

Ease thou the stricken of his pain,
Teach thou the sinful lip to pray ;
So shalt thou find life is not vain,
So shalt thou find to heaven thy way.

—By the Rev. Charles W. Pearson.

HOLINESS.

This, then, is holiness : the healthy development of this divine nature that is within us. Born of God, we have the beginning of a life in which lies all the possibility and promise of a perfect likeness to God. It may be sought after with an agony of endeavour ; it may be a simple, glad, unconscious effort that just pleases Jesus all day long, because it seems as if love cannot help it. It may be a rapture ; it may be a conflict ; it may

be a gloom. Mark—it may be! Holiness may go with all these—and it may go with any of them. For holiness is simply a perfectly religious life. By faith in the Lord Jesus, and by the gracious energy of the Holy Ghost, you are born of God—now live. "Live," you say; "is that all? I live without any trouble. I eat and drink and sleep and live. This is a very short and easy cut to holiness."

Is that so? Think of all that life means. Air, food, light, warmth, society, exercise, rest. Let the spiritual life within us have those as freely and ungrudgingly as we give them to the bodily life, and holiness asks no more. Breathing the atmosphere of communication with God—the breath of God; desiring the sincere milk of the Word that ye may grow thereby; walking in the light as He is in the light; warmed with the glowing love of Jesus filling the soul; running gladly in the way of His commandments; resting in the care of the gracious Lord who careth for us; this is to ensure the all-round development of the life of God within us.

Yet again, think of all that life means. The getting up in the morning, and all the philosophy of being clothed. The breakfast compassing two worlds that you may have a cup of tea. Then business—letters and telegrams; markets, with the anxious scanning of appearances; the manufacture, with its trained skill and caution; the money-making and the money-losing—life means all this. Dinner, with all the hundred hands that have toiled to feed us; the harvest of the ages meets us in the commonest crust of bread. This home, with all its arrangements—domestic, social, sanitary.

That it is which marks us off from others as the sons of God. "Be not anxious, saying, 'What shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewithal shall we be clothed? for after these things do the Gentiles seek.' This is the sign of the heathen: 'But seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness.'" Now are we the sons of God, and therefore citizens of another city—which hath foundations. Born again, the objects and aims of our life have been transferred; the affections set on things above. We are natives of the heavenly country, subject to its laws, claiming its privileges—not the mere promise of future blessedness is it that we enjoy, but we are now the freemen of the celestial city, having a voice in its influence, in its

high affairs; having a share in its prosperity; having a keen regard for the honour of its King and an eager love for His service. What others find in this present world—in its pleasures, honour, gains—we are to find in the kingdom of our Father. How soon would this world come to believe in that other world when its citizens set before them first His kingdom! How soon would men believe in Him if we set foremost His righteousness—that always supreme, and all things else so ordered as to secure that!

Holiness, then, is simply this: perfect health of soul. And what is perfect health anywhere, in any thing? It cannot be other than these: perfect reception and perfect distribution of all that life depends upon. "Christ, who is our life," perfectly received for forgiveness, for deliverance, for victory, for all. "Christ, who is our life," perfectly distributed over the home and the business, throughout the thoughts and wishes and words and deeds. This is holiness. This reception checked, then at once the life is a sickly one. This reception stopped, then the sickness is unto death.—*Rev. Mark Guy Pearse.*

CERTAIN HYMNS.

It is with some degree of hesitation that I give some hymns to be sung in our meetings, considering the low state of piety that prevails. I have questioned whether it were not solemn mockery for most persons to join in singing them. It has seemed to me that none but the most devout and spiritual could do it with propriety. Take for example, this hymn—

"One more day's work for Jesus."

We come together at the close of the day and sing these words. We all ought to be up to the standard of them. But what is the real fact? Perhaps the greater part of us have not done a thing for Jesus. Instead of working for Him we have been working for ourselves. We have had scarcely a thought of Him all the day long. We have gone about our business with a worldly spirit, and we have come together with cold and worldly hearts. How, then, can we sing such a hymn with any acceptance to God? I have not given it out for months, and it seems to me that I can never do it again, until I shall see more signs of working for Jesus than I have seen of late.

And so as regards the hymn—

"I love to tell the story."

It is less than solemn mockery of a person to sing this hymn who in all his life has never told this story, and who has had no heart to do it? And so, too, as regards the hymn in which occurs the verse—

"Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body Thine to be—
Wholly Thine for evermore."

Sing it, and then pass the contribution box, and how much will you get? Some of the very persons who have been loudest in singing it will give hardly a penny, and not cheerfully at that. And as to "soul and body," these they gave to the world.

These hymns and the like of them, are very good, but whether in a low condition of the Church, to say nothing of the state of the penitent who join in them, it is well to sing them, has long been a question with me. I was somewhat relieved of my difficulty as I read this morning the commentary of Matthew Henry on the 131st Psalm, which thus commences: "Lord, my heart is not haughty, nor mine eyes lofty: neither do I exercise myself in great matters, or in things too high for me." Henry says: "Some have made an objection against singing David's Psalm, that there are many who cannot say, 'My heart is not haughty,' etc. It is true there are, but we may sing it for the same purpose that we read it, to teach and admonish ourselves and one another what we ought to be, with repentance that we have come short of being so, and humbly pray to God for His grace to make us so." May all

"Our lips and lives express
The holy Gospel we profess,"

and may the word of Christ dwell in us richly in all wisdom, that so we may ever be prepared to teach and to admonish one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in our hearts unto the Lord.—*H. S., in New York Observer.*

TABLE TALK.

BY THE REV. DR. STONE.

THE Minutes of the Conferences of 1885 present the following statistics of Canadian Methodism at the close of the first year of the union: Ministers 1,526, of whom 1,274 are in the active work. Members 185,292 (an increase of 20,000 during the year 1884–85.) Local preachers 1,755, exhorters 399, class-leaders 5,561;—or a total officiary force in the spiritual government of the Church of 9,241.

The contributions of the Church for the year were:—For Connexional funds $249,007.77, being an average of a fraction over $1.34 per member; for pastoral support—exclusive of the three eastern Conferences—(Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, and Newfoundland Conferences) whose returns in respect to this and other funds are incomplete—$509,055.51, and for all other purposes $587,563.22; or a total by the western Conferences of $1,323,688.32, an average of $8.57 per member. By Conferences, the highest average—about $10—was by the Toronto Conference, and the lowest—exclusive of Manitoba, which is mostly a mission Conference, and also of the eastern Conferences—was London Conference, whose average per member was a fraction over $7.37, or about one cent less than that of Guelph Conference.

Among the churches, the Metropolitan, Toronto, stands pre-eminent in the gross sum of $23,335.82 raised for all purposes, which is an average of $34.11 per member, of which sum $3,500 was for missions, an average of over $5 per member. Of other prominent churches, Queen's Avenue, London, contributed an average of $31.11 per member; Ottawa Centre, $26.31; Wesley Church, Hamilton, $25.14, and Centenary Church, do., $20.83. In the support of missions the following churches contributed over $2,000 each:—Metropolitan, Toronto, with a membership of 684, $3,500; Montreal First, membership, 478, contribution $3253; Halifax South, membership 301, contribution $2,594.73; Sherbourne Street, Toronto, membership 387, (exclusive of Gerrard Street mission) contribution $2,200. Centenary, Hamilton, membership 445, contribution $2,150.39. The Church has under her management 448 domestic missions, with 42,974 members, and upon which 441 paid agents are employed; 47 Indian missions, with 3,783 members and 86 paid agents; 12 French missions, with 280 members and 16 paid agents; and 8 foreign missions, with 465 members and 21 paid agents.

There are 2,495 Sunday-schools, under the oversight of 22,902 officers and teachers, and embracing 180,712 scholars. The literature provided for these scholars embraces 253,135 library books, a periodical circulation of 123,515 papers; 87,951 *Berean Quarterly* and monthly Lesson Leaves, and 11,052 copies of the monthly *Sunday-School Banner*. The amount contributed by the Sabbath-schools during the year was as follows:—For school purposes, $73,503.14; for missions, $15,905.98; towards the Sunday-school Aid and Extension Fund, $1,649.22; a total for all purposes of $91,058.34, which is an average of over forty-four cents each for the whole number of officers, teachers, and scholars. Over 6,000 scholars are reported as having been converted during the year, and 27,588 are reported as meeting in class. The Montreal District takes the lead in the amount raised for Sabbath-schools for missions, the total sum being $3,375.27; and the Toronto District, by an aggregate of $8,847.68, for all purposes.

Current Topics and Events.

A Connexional Relief Fund.

It is gratifying to learn from so many quarters that Canadian Methodism is so generously responding to the urgent demand of the hour, and that there is the strong probability of a considerable increase in the missionary income. A quarter of a million is not too much for this Church of 185,292 members, and probably 750,000 adherents, to reach. Such an income will go far to meeting the just claims of the brethren on needy missions. Nevertheless the present pressure is none the less painful, notwithstanding the prospect of future financial improvement. The special Conference efforts to relieve present necessities should have the heartiest support. It is a cause for regret that some adequate provision was not made at the last General Conference for a great Connexional movement in the way of a sustentation fund to tide over the difficulties attending the coming together of four distinct Churches, and the consolidation of circuits and reorganization of the work. At the General Conference such a movement was strongly urged. This Magazine took the ground that at least $80,000 should be raised for that purpose. Such a fund would have met the more urgent necessities arising in the field of domestic missions, would have greatly aided the embarrassed trust funds, and would have relieved many brethren who have been almost crushed through bearing financial burdens on behalf of the Church. The instruction of the General Conference to create such a fund, however, failed to receive the necessary co-operation. We think such a fund still a necessity, and trust that the next General Conference will make provision for meeting the emergency arising from the Victoria University debt, the embarrassed Trust Funds, and the inadequate support for mission districts. This should be a general connexional movement. It is often said that the Missionary Society is a great connexional bond. It brings every circuit into sympathy with the remotest missions—from Labrador to the borders of Alaska, and to distant Japan. It broadens our horizon and increases the sweep of our efforts. It enables the strong to bear the burdens of the weak, and so fulfil the law of Christ. We would deprecate any arrangement that would localize our efforts or restrain our sympathies within conferential bounds. We believe such a sectionalizing tendency would in the end weaken the general fund. Such a connexional movement as seems to be called for, to be a success, should have all the weight and prestige and authority that the General Conference can give it. If every society, and member, and friend will do his share, all the difficulties of the hour may readily be overcome. All that is needed is hearty and general co-operation in the movement—a long pull and a strong pull and, above all, a pull altogether.

Our Theological Institutions.

In our remarks on the Educational work of our Church, in the last number of this Magazine, we omitted reference to our excellent Theological College at Montreal. That omission was entirely inadvertent. We are too familiar with its character to be insensible to its merit. We have on more than one occasion had the privilege of taking part in its annual examinations and of observing the result of the year's work. These examinations were of a very thorough and searching character, and the examiners with one accord bore testimony to the very high average standing reached by the students of the college. Their papers gave ample evidence of great industry and energy in the pursuit of their studies, and of the distinguished ability and efficiency of the instruc-

tions they had received. This was especially the case in the important departments of theology, anthropology, homiletics, and church history, under the charge of the learned principal, the Rev. Dr. Douglas. The young men are taught to grapple with the grave problems which are agitating modern thought, and to defend the grand verities of Christian theism against the negations of materialistic agnosticism and atheism. In the departments of Biblical exegesis; of Greek and Latin classics, especially of New Testament Greek; and in English literature, the accurate scholarship and thorough efficiency as an instructor of the Rev. W. I. Shaw, LL.B., were strikingly exhibited. In the natural sciences, logic, metaphysics, rhetoric, and elocution, the young men gave evidence of the zeal with which they had availed themselves of the distinguished advantages afforded them by the classics of McGill College.

Similar is the testimony borne with reference to the theological department of Victoria University. The influence of Dr. Burwash and of the other professors is felt in the highly vitalized organization of this department. The University itself, under the veteran presidency of Dr. Nelles, was never so well equipped for doing its important work. The scientific apparatus of the Faraday Hall is in many respects of unsurpassed excellence. It is the purpose of the accomplished Professor of Science, Dr. Haanel, to keep the instruction in his department abreast of the latest discoveries of the age, and to assist the students in the prosecution of original investigations.

From the kalendar of Sackville University, we are glad to learn that the organization and equipment of that institution and of the associated theological department is thoroughly efficient. Prof. Inch, the accomplished principal, brings to his work long experience and sterling ability. Dr. Steward, as theological professor, has no superior in the Dominion, and is rendering most important service to our Church in the maritime provinces. Prof. J. Burwash, we are proud to record, is a successful Victoria man.

Could the friends and patrons of our Educational Society but get a true conception of the importance of the work that is being done by the theological institutions and universities of our Church, we feel sure that these would be much more efficiently sustained than they are. Never was there greater need for the broadest culture and most thorough preparation for their special work that the Church can give her conscripts and standard-bearers, who shall go forth to fight her battles and defend her truths. We rejoice that our Church is addressing herself with vigour to this task, and trust that her efforts shall have the moral and material support of all who covet for her a place not behind any Church in Christendom, in the great moral conflict which is waging in the world.

Socialism and Strikes.

The recent riots in London are significant of a peril that menaces our modern civilization. That peril does not arise entirely or chiefly from the hunger and discontent of the unemployed classes. Their hunger may be appeased by the spontaneous outburst of charity by which in a few days a quarter of a million was contributed for their relief. Their discontent may be allayed by wiser economic laws and by more equitable distribution of the results of labour. But even under existing circumstances, greater economy, thrift, and abstinence from strong drink would work a revolution in their condition. It is asserted that more money is every day spent in London on drink than on bread. Dr. Smiles, in his book on "Thrift," has shown how utterly improvident are many workingmen. Even when in receipt of large wages they often recklessly squander their earnings and lay up nothing for a rainy day, and many through intemperate habits will only work about one half of their time. Nothing but acquiring habits of saving and self-restraint will permanently benefit this improvident class.

The greater peril arises from the professional agitator—the political socialist, or rather anarchist—the man who is against the Government, whatever it is. Under a despotism like that of Russia, or an oppressive military bureaucracy like that of Germany, the existence of socialism and communism is a natural result. But under free institutions like those of Great Britain, there are no wrongs that cannot be better redressed without their aid than with it. Indeed, most of these agitators are foreigners who have no stake in the country, who have nothing to lose by a social revolution, and think they have much to gain through the opportunities for pillage and plunder it would bring. With these ringleaders in revolt and fomenters of sedition who incited the London mob to violence and robbery, those in authority should rigorously deal. For their hapless dupes and victims the greatest charity and forbearance should be exercised.

Another symptom of social unrest is the prevalence of strikes and labour troubles in the Old World and the New. A strike, even when successful in its object, is always an unhappy means of accomplishing that object. It causes a feeling of estrangement and irritation between those whose interests are identical and whose prosperity must be mutual.

It has been shown that the losses through strikes in Great Britain during the last ten years have far more than counterbalanced any advantages they may have brought to the strikers.* Often the trades' union becomes an instrument of tyranny even to its members—demanding for the careless and indifferent workman the same wages as are paid the skilful and industrious one—which is a manifest injustice to the latter. It is greatly to be desired that some board of arbitration should be organized before which all labour disputes should be adjusted without the irritation and bitterness and mutual loss to employer and employed caused by strikes.

The introduction of the principle of co-operation, as in the great works of Sir Titus Salt, and the *Bon Marche*, at Paris, is probably the best way of overcoming the supposed conflict between capital and labour, by giving each labourer a strong personal interest in the prosperity of the whole. Unquestionably the rights of labour and responsibility of capital are being more and more recognized every day. Never were workingmen, on the whole, so well paid, clothed and fed and housed as to-day. Never were there brought within their reach so many of the comforts of life and the privileges of a higher civilization. And under the beneficent teachings of our holy religion these results shall more and more prevail.

It will doubtless be observed that by printing Dr. Laing's important article in smaller, but still clear and distinct type, by printing the Serial Story "solid," and by the use of separate pages for some of our cuts, a considerable increase of matter is compressed into these pages. We will endeavour by this kind of compression to make the MAGAZINE more valuable to its readers than ever before. We are happy to say that subscriptions continue to come in more rapidly than any previous year. The large edition of our Premium Book is completely exhausted and another has been sent to press. Our friends who have not received their premiums will be supplied as soon as it is possible to have them printed and bound.

We beg to call attention to the interesting statistics of our Church, page 278, kindly prepared by the Rev. Dr. Stone. They will be found a gratifying statement, and are presented in a convenient form for future reference.

*In a recent number of *The Week* Professor Goldwin Smith asserts that "against the gains due to combination is to be set the loss of wages by strikes, which in England amounted in ten years to nearly one hundred and thirty-five millions of dollars, while the loss of profits to the masters amounted only to twenty-one millions."

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

Wesleyan Methodist.

Since the Conference of 1885 twenty-six ministers have died in England, the majority of them were superannuated, and their ages range between fifty and ninety. The average age was sixty-nine.

A movement is being actively carried, to erect a memorial church at Portrush, Ireland, to be associated with the name of Dr. Adam Clarke, the well-known commentator.

Quite a number of Wesleyans are members of the House of Commons during the present Parliament, one at least is the son of a Wesleyan minister; five persons belonging to other Methodist bodies have also been elected.

The jubilee of Methodism in South Australia is to be celebrated during the present year. The first sermon was preached on Kangawo Island, by Samuel East, in 1836, the first church was erected two years after. There are now in the Conference 336 churches and preaching places, 75 itinerant and 393 local preachers and about 19,000 Sunday-school scholars. It is proposed to raise a jubilee fund of $300,000, which will be used to remove church debts, to make some provision for a theological training school and lay the foundation for a college for women.

In commemoration of the first jubilee of the introduction of Christianity into the Fiji Islands, which has just been held, an attractive volume was prepared by the Rev. James Calvert, for nearly forty years the devoted Wesleyan missionary among the Fijians. An edition of 3,000 will soon be distributed among the islanders.

It is gratifying to read of the aggressive movements of Methodism at Oxford, where some zealous young men have missioned several villages with good results. Such enterprises are deserving of commendation and could be imitated with advantage by many nearer home.

We are gratified to find that a very kindly feeling prevails in many places among the different branches of the Methodist family. In some instances united Watch-Night services have been held. Ministers and laymen heartily co-operate at the anniversary and other services of the various denominations. Revivals are taking place among all the Methodist bodies.

We frequently hear of the intolerance of some High Church clergymen. It is therefore gratifying to record that recently two clergymen attended a Wesleyan public meeting. A lord of the manor was in the chair on the occasion; his lordship is also a Churchman. The Editor of the *Methodist Times* says that, "a little more Christian intercourse between Churchmen and Nonconformists would be an inestimable benefit to both sides."

A "wake" is held every year at Handsworth, near Richmond, Surrey. For several days the place is the scene of drunkenness and all kinds of wicked practices. About twenty students from the Wesleyan College undertook to conduct open-air worship during the continuance of the "wake." The appearance of the young men created quite a sensation. The singing of such well-known songs, "Tell me the old, old story," soon gathered a congregation. Brief prayers and short addresses followed each other. Next these young evangelists separated and went in companies of two each to talk to small groups that would listen. In this way they conversed with a great number of persons on spiritual things. Another service similar to

the first was held in the after part of the day. The labours of the young men were appreciated by many, and hopes were entertained that good was done.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

The Methodist Year Book for 1886 gives the following statistics of this Church. Members, 1,689,816; probationers, 196,028, total 1,885,844 against 1,793,934 last year. Ministers, 11,676; local preachers, 12,397. Churches valued at $74,833,142; parsonages, 6,918 at $10,600,612. The net increase in members was 61,910, or nearly 3½ per cent.

The church extension work was organized in 1864. In twenty-one years $2,730,000 has been collected and disbursed; of which $535,000 is a permanent fund to aid churches by loans, and of this amount $376,000 have been returned and reloaned to churches. In this way 5,331 churches have received aid. During the past fifty-two years the Church has given $7,527,758.36 for carrying the Gospel into the "regions beyond."

The Chinese residents of Singapore, India, have subscribed $3,000 to the new mission in that city.

A Methodist minister was lately arrested and imprisoned for about an hour at Clinton, Iowa, for street preaching. His incarceration aroused general indignation, and the City Council at once rescinded the anti-Salvation Army law under which the arrest was made.

The Minutes of the African Conference (Monrovia, Liberia) have just been received. Bishop Taylor presided. The number of ministers is thirty, churches twenty-eight, valued at $13,957, averaging $500 each. The entire ministerial force of the Conference received during the year but $1,760, not quite an average of $50 each.

The publishing work in India is being finely developed. At the recent meeting of the Book Committee plans were perfected for the establishment of a publishing-house in Calcutta. The Lucknow publishing-house is said to be in a state of great efficiency.

Methodist Episcopal Church South.

The increase in the membership this year will not be less than 47,000. This will about bring the membership up to a round million. The increase for the quadrennium is in excess of any quadrennium in the history of the Church, reaching at least 125,000. Dr. Allen calls for 150 missionaries for China, and a great increase is required both in Mexico and Brazil. The Book Establishment at Nashville has done well this quadrennium, and a gratifying report will be presented at the General Conference which meets at Richmond next May. Canadian Methodism will be represented by the Rev. William Briggs, the energetic Book Steward, who was appointed fraternal delegate by the General Conference.

The Methodist Church.

The cities of Belleville and Kingston have sustained a heavy loss by the destruction of one church each by fire. Both are to be rebuilt, one was estimated at $40,000 and the other at $20,000. The Sunday-school rooms of Belleville church were probably the best in Canada.

The Montreal Sunday-schools number over 3,000 scholars. The schools raised last year for missions $4,154. The Hon. Senator Ferrier is still the Superintendent of the St. James Street Sunday-school.

Death Roll.

The Rev. Joseph Earl, of the Montreal Conference, has been called from labour to reward. He died at Merrickville, January 28th. Our dear brother commenced his itinerancy in 1876. All the years of his ministry were spent within the bounds of the Montreal Conference. Some of his appointments required great physical labour, which doubtless in part accounts for his premature death. At the Conference of 1885 he retired for one year, hoping that the year's rest would tend to recuperate his energies, but the Master has called him to his eternal rest in heaven.

The Rev. Isaac Brock Howard died in Toronto on Sunday evening, January 31st. He was in the 68th year of his age, and the 46th of his ministry. His itinerant career began at Oxford in 1840. After labouring there and at Hamilton and Toronto, he spent some time at Victoria College, after which he laboured with great acceptability and usefulness in Belleville, Kingston, Peterborough, Dundas, Brantford, Montreal, St. Catharines, Brockville, Port Hope, and Guelph. In some of those important circuits he spent more than one term. For eleven years he filled the office of Chairman of District. He was also Secretary of Conference one year, and for several years in succession he discharged the laborious duties of Journal Secretary. He was a faithful expounder of God's word, but he greatly excelled as pastor of the flock. He was a house-going minister, and was particularly attentive to the poor and afflicted. It is no marvel that he was beloved by all classes. His kind, affable manner won universal favour. He was very successful as a revivalist. For weeks in succession his circuits were scenes of religious fervour, so that he has left a great number of spiritual children behind him, while many others would, no doubt, welcome him to the better country. Failing health compelled him to ask for a superannuated relation in 1877. For a few years he resided at Millbrook, where greatly by his instrumentality a beautiful church was erected. Here he also suffered a great trial in the death of his beloved wife. Hoping to recuperate his health he went to California, where for a few years he supplied vacant churches and won for himself great favour. His ministrations, though performed in the midst of great weakness, were greatly owned of God.

He returned to his beloved Canada during last summer and was favoured with a comfortable home at the residence of his son-in-law, Judge Macdougall, where everything possible was done to make the evening of life happy. He was ripening for heaven, so that all who had the privilege of his society were satisfied that his sun would set without a cloud. His faith in Christ never wavered, and when the end came, he was last heard to say, "It is all right." "Mark the perfect man, behold the upright, the end of that man is peace."

Cuthbert Bainbridge, Esq., who had attained to the great age of eighty-two, has also joined the Church triumphant. The present writer knew him well. He was a man of great enterprise and was honoured with much success in business. His contributions to Church objects were princely. His last words were, "Safe in the arms of Jesus."

Book Notices.

Cyclopædia of Universal History. Being an account of the principal events in the career of the human race from the beginnings of civilization to the present time. From recent and authentic sources. Complete in three volumes. Imp. 8vo, 2,364 pages. By JOHN CLARK RIDPATH, LL.D., Professor of History in DePauw University; author of a History of the United States, a Life and Work of Garfield, etc. Profusely illustrated with maps, charts, sketches, portraits, and diagrams. The Jones Brothers Publishing Co., Cincinnati. The Balch Brothers, 10½ Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

The above title very accurately describes the most comprehensive historical work with which we have any acquaintance. The study of history both sacred and secular—the study of God's dealings with our

race—is, we think, the most interesting and instructive pursuit that can engage the human mind. It is also one of the most essential. History, it is well said, is philosophy teaching by example. The great problems of the ages repeat themselves. He who would understand the urgent questions of to-day and the best mode of their solution must know how these questions have been met and answered in the past. No one can pass muster as well informed who has not some adequate conception of the past record of our race. Yet many are deterred from this task by its seemingly hopeless magnitude, by the vast number of volumes to be mastered. And this is a real difficulty. To master the works of the great historians who have written in detail the annals of the nations is the work of a life time.

The volumes under review, however, bring an apparently almost impossible task within easy accomplishment. By judicious omission of unimportant details and by skilful condensation of narrative and grouping of facts into their proper relations, a clear and connected conspectus of the history of the world may be obtained. Most abridgments of history are as juiceless and dry as last year's hay. Dr. Ridpath's cyclopedia is free from this fault. He is master of a picturesque and dramatic style that rivets the reader's attention and presents the great features of the period he treats in a singularly vivid manner. He possesses also the critical skill that sifts out the legendary and gives the results of the labours of the ablest original investigators of the past.

We venture to say that the careful study of these volumes is, in a very important sense, a liberal education. The reader is made acquainted with the chief actors in the great drama of time, with the nature of their work and with its influence on the world. Talk of the interest of fiction and romance! It will not compare with the fascination of the truths stranger than fiction of history.

> God is far the sweetest poet
> And the *real* is His song.

To the scholar this work is of interest for its rapid review of the periods and movements with which he is familiar. To the busy mass of readers it will be of special value as giving a comprehensive bird's-eye view of the stream of history from its early sources to its varied ramifications in modern times. One of its most striking features is its copious illustration. It has no less than 1,210 high-class engravings of persons, places, and the great dramatic incidents referred to in the text. These really illustrate the subject and not merely embellish the book, and many of them are drawn by artists of national and international repute as, among others, Vogel, Alma Tadema, Doré, Neuville, Leutemann, Bayard, Philippoteaux and many others. Of not less utility than these are the thirty-two coloured historical maps, and nine coloured chronological charts showing at a glance by an ingenious arrangement the relations in time and place of the events described. There are also thirty-one genealogical diagrams of the royal and noble houses of ancient and modern times.

The author, we think, has very judiciously begun his history with Egypt instead of with the Chaldean and Assyrian monarchies. The choice of the valley of the Nile rather than the valley of the Tigris, as the place of beginning, has been determined by chronological considerations and the true sequence of events. He then tranfers the scene to Mesopotamia, and follows the course of events from the Euphrates to the Tiber, from Babylon to Rome. He makes the Fall of the Western Empire, 1453, the date of the death of Antiquity, and in the second volume returns to the barbarian nations of Europe from which, quickened by contact with ancient learning, has sprung the complex civilization of modern times. The spread of Mahomedanism, feudal ascendency, the Crusades, the conflict of the kings and the people, the new world and the Reformation, the growth of England, the age of Revolutions, and the record of the advancement of civilization throughout

the world during the nineteenth century form the subjects of a brilliant series of chapters. Our author is no pessimist. He shows that as a skilful rider winds his steed so God is guiding the world up the heights of progress to the grander Christian civilization of the future. As says the Laureate :

For I doubt not through the ages
An increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened
By the process of the suns

The People's Bible: Discourses upon Holy Scripture. By JOSEPH PARKER, D.D. Vol. II. The Book of Exodus, 8vo, pp. 328. New York: Funk & Wagnall. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price $1.75.

The People's Bible. Vol. III. Leviticus—Numbers I.—XXVI. 8vo, pp. 360. Toronto: S. R. Briggs, Willard Tract Depository. Price $1.75.

Dr. Parker proposes the comprehensive task of issuing in some five and twenty volumes a "Pastor's Commentary" on the whole Bible. Its scope is thus outlined by the publisher :

This is not a Bible Commentary in the usual sense of that term. It is a pastor's commentary upon such portions of Holy Scripture as are of obvious and immediate importance to the growth of the soul in Divine wisdom, and is, therefore, not intended to take the place of the verbal and critical commentaries which so ably represent the latest phases of Christian erudition. Instead of going minutely through any book verse by verse, the first object is to discover its governing idea or principal purpose.

In the series so far issued, Genesis is treated as a book of *Beginnings:* the beginning of Creation; the beginning of Humanity ; the beginning of Family life ; the beginning of Disobedience ; a book of revelation and vision.

Exodus is a book of Phases of *Providence:* in leadership, in national deliverances, in organization, in codified human life, in all the mystery of human training and discipline, showing how the tabernacle of God is with men upon earth ; a refuge, a judgment, a symbol.

Leviticus is a book of Religious *Mechanics:* the Mechanics of sin-reckoning ; the Mechanics of Sacrifice ; the Mechanics of Intercession ; the Mechanics of Purification ; the higher meaning of all these intricate and costly formalities ; the unprofitableness of bodily exercise ; the revelation and development of true Sacrifice.

These volumes will be found especially well adapted for family reading, for Sunday-school teachers, and as suggesting themes of discourse and fresh and vigorous modes of treatment to preachers.

Words: Their Use and Abuse. By WM. MATHEWS, LL.D. 12mo, pp. 494. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $2.00.

The study of words is one of absorbing interest. Trench, Alford, Marsh, Farrar and others, have shown how much "fossil history" and latent poetry and strange folk-lore are embodied therein. Some of our commonest words have their roots far back in dim antiquity—on the plains of India or on the banks of the Oxus or Ilissus. A knowledge of their derivation and history often throws a flood of light upon their meaning and upon the laws of language and of thought. This study invests even a spelling-book with a strange fascination. Probably no writer has brought to the elucidation of this subject greater perspicacity and ability than Dr. Mathews. The work under review is a new edition, greatly enlarged, of a book which has had quite a phenomenal sale. It was good in its previous form, it is much better now. It is not a book of pedantic learning, but the work of a fine literary critic and scholar. The headings of some of the chapters will indicate its scope and variety : The significance of words, the morality of words, grand words, small words, words without meaning, some abuses of

words, Saxon words or Romanic, the secret of apt words, the fallacy of words names, nicknames, curiosities of language, etc. The chapter on common improprieties of speech will help the careful reader to correct many previously unnoted solecisms of expression. So far from being dry, the book has more than the fascination of a novel.

Tecumseh, a Drama. By CHARLES MAIR. Toronto : Hunter, Rose & Co. London : Chapman & Hall, (limited), 1886. Pp. 205.

We have here a striking Canadian poem on a noble Canadian theme. No more heroic figure appears in the annals of Indian warfare than that of the great Chief Tecumseh. He was, in a striking sense, a statesman as well as a warrior. Like the famous Ottawa Chief, Pontiac, whose career Parkman has thought worthy of recording in two large volumes, he sought to form a great confederacy of the scattered tribes of the forest and prairie for the defence of their native soil. The story of this great movement, of its failure through the treachery or jealousy of Tecumseh's brother, "The Prophet," of Tecumseh's faithful alliance with the British during the stirring events of 1812-13, of the part he played in the capture of Michigan and Detroit, and of his tragic fate at the battle of Moraviantown, forms the plot of this fine dramatic poem. A pathetic interest is added by the tender tale of the hapless love of Iena, the Indian maiden, and the poet artist, Lefroy. It is a sweet idyll of peace amid the stern alarms of war. There is an exquisite pathos in Iena's tragic death while attempting to save her lover's life upon the battle-field. The poem is full of life and movement. The characters are strongly and clearly portrayed. The intrepid Brock, the timid Proctor, the craven Hull, the gallant Canadian volunteers, all pass in mimic pageant before us. The Hoosier ruffians, Twang, Slaugh, Gerkin, and Bloat, remind us of Quince, Snug, Flute and Snout in the Midsummer Night's Dream. Their quaint buffoonery serves as an admirable foil to the elevated type of poetry which forms the general substance of the drama.

We regret that we have not space to quote several of the fine passages we had marked; but we cannot resist the temptation to give the the following from a scene in the town of York at the militia muster for the march on Detroit — lines which vividly describe another leave-taking still fresh in our memory :

2ND OLD MAN. What news afoot?
CITIZEN. Why, everyone's afoot and coming here.
York's citizens are turned to warriors—
The learned professions go a-soldiering,
And gentle hearts beat high for Canada!
For, as you pass, on every hand you see,
Through the neglected openings of each house—
Through doorways, windows — our Canadian maids
Strained by their parting lovers to their breasts;
And loyal matrons busy round their lords,
Buckling their arms on, or, with tearful eyes,
Kissing them to the war!

Brock makes a magnificent speech:

Ye men of Canada!
Subjects with me of that Imperial Power
Whose liberties are marching round the earth. . . .

The volunteers are stirred to patriotic enthusiasm and march off singing :

O hark to the voice from the lips of the Free!
O hark to the cry from the Lakes to the Sea!
Arm! arm! the invader is wasting our coasts,
And tainting the air of our land with his hosts.
Arise, then, arise, let us rally and form,
And rush like the torrent, and sweep like the storm,
On the foes of our King, of our country adored,
Of the flag that was lost, but in exile restored!

And whose was the flag? And whose was the soil?
And whose was the exile, the suffering, the toil?
Our fathers! who carved in the forest a name,
And left us rich heirs of their freedom and fame.
Oh, dear to our hearts is that flag, and the land
Our fathers bequeathed—tis 'the work of their hand!
And the soil they redeemed from the woods with renown
The might of their sons will defend for the Crown!

Our hearts they are one, and our hands they are free,
From clime unto clime, and from sea unto sea?
And chaos will come to the States that annoy,
But our Empire united what foe can destroy?
Then away! to the front! march! comrades away!
In the lists of each hour crowd the work of a day!
We will follow our leader to fields far and nigh,
And for Canada fight and for Canada die.

This stirring song, we believe, is published separately, set to appropriate music.

In this fine poem Mr. Mair has erected a nobler monument to the memory of the heroic Indian chief than any bronze or marble effigy. It will stir the patriotic pulses in many a Canadian heart, and is one of the most significant contributions to our nascent Canadian literature that it has yet received.

England as Seen by an American Banker. Notes of a Pedestrian Tour. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 345. Price $1.50.

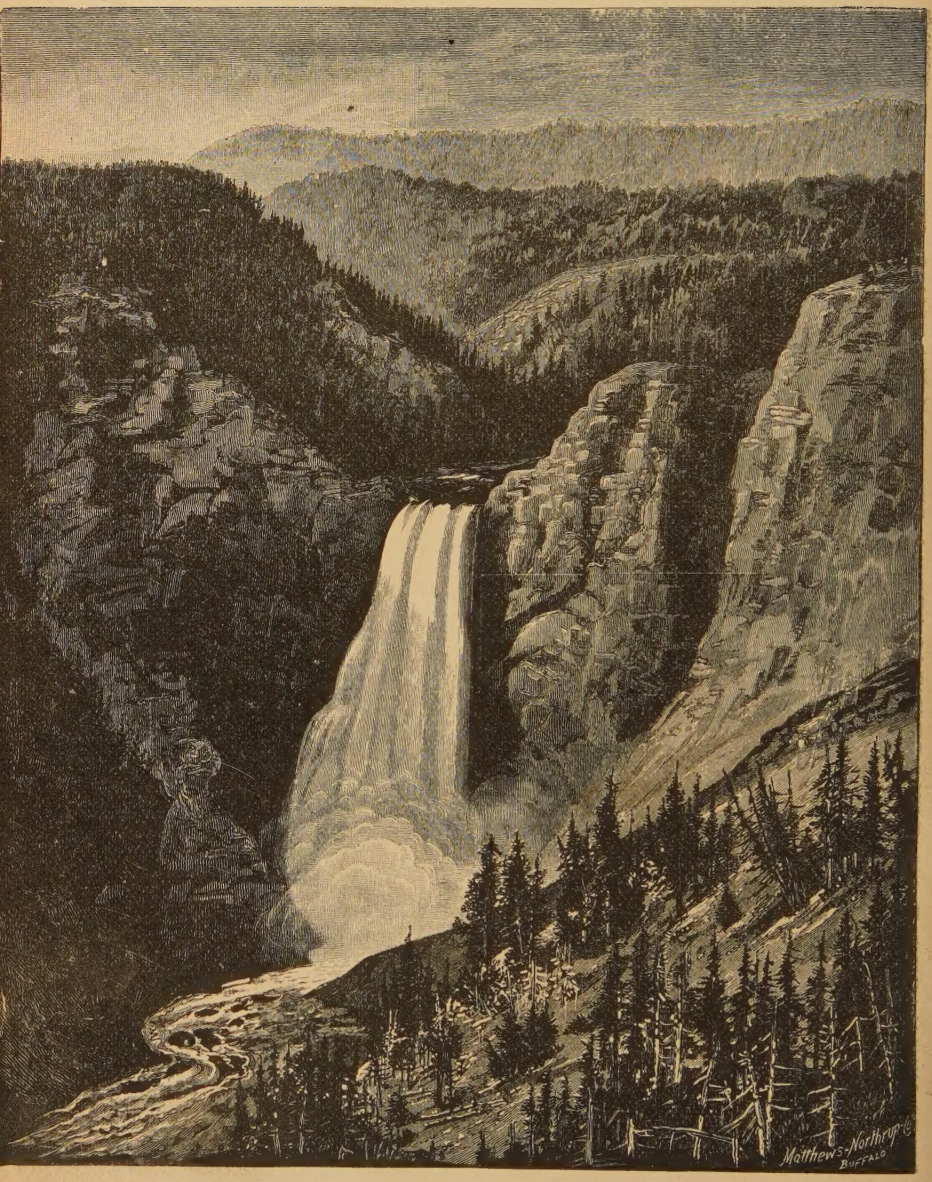
This is one of the most readable sketch-books of English life and character that we have met. The author, an intelligent banker, went everywhere on foot, through the byways as well as the highways of Great Britain. He thus came into personal contact, as few tourists do, with all classes and conditions of men—from the bankers of Threadneedle Street and the great manufacturers of Birmingham to the Dorsetshire hedger and ditcher, the village blacksmith, the tanner, the hostler, the collier. He seems to have kept pencil in hand, noting especially the quaint customs of English urban and rural life. There is no attempt at fun-writing. It is simply the shrewd talk of a shrewd man in a simple off-hand style, that will attract all readers.

Corea Without and Within. By WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS. Pp. 315. Illustrated. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Education.

Mr. Griffis has demonstrated his right to speak on this subject by his previous masterly works on "The Mikado's Empire" and "The Hermit Nation." For centuries Corea was self-excluded from all friendly relations with foreign lands. Only in 1882 have these barriers of seclusion been broken down. Corea has now at her capital, legations from Great Britain, Germany and the United States. Her ports are open to the commerce of the world, and her people are studying Christianity in Japan. It is the latest opened of the nations, and will probably be the gate-way of missions to the vast empire of China. In 1653 a Dutch trader was wrecked in Corea and spent thirteen years with this strange people. His journal is given with notes. Save this episode, the nation has been hermetically sealed till yesterday. Already the New Testament has been translated into Corean. The Methodist Episcopal Church first began missionary work, and the American Presbyterians promptly followed. The book is well illustrated and would be of much interest in Sunday-schools and private libraries.

WONDERLAND AND BEYOND.

BY JOHN T. MOORE.



GREAT FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE,
IN THE NATIONAL PARK.